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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE Socialist Government in Hungary has fallen as a result of an irresistible invasion, and Bela Kun is now a fugitive interned in Austria. Internal conditions had nothing to do with this event. The Red Army was defeated by the Roumanians, under French leadership, and the invaders had advanced to within twenty miles of Budapest, when Bela Kun offered his resignation to the Central Congress of the Soviets. Of the military events which led up to this result, little is known. Bela Kun (who, by the way, was never the titular head of the Soviet Government, though, whether as Foreign Commissioner or latterly as War Minister, he undoubtedly was its leading personality) had withdrawn from the Tchecho-Slovak territory which his armies had won, in response to a note from Paris which promised him peace if he would do so. The first Note was then said to be a "clerical error," and there followed another, refusing any dealings whatever with him. He then renewed the conflict with the Roumanians, who hold territory East of the Theiss which is purely Hungarian, and after some early successes was decisively beaten. He resigned because he could fight no longer, and Paris had refused to treat with him. He is not a man to please diplomats, but neither can he be fairly called a wild or bloody extremist. He led the Centre of his Government, which included both Social Democrats and Communists, and had severely repressed its violent Left Wing. There was no terror during his revolution, in the sense of the slaughter of opponents, though undoubtedly he wielded a rigid dictatorship and a system of controls, excused as a temporary necessity amid war, civil war, and blockade. Himself a barrister and a journalist, he had six University lecturers among his colleagues, and whatever be the final verdict on his work, to represent it as a triumph of the bloody and ignorant mob is merely silly.

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For some weeks before the end, mysterious negotiations had been going on in Vienna between the British Commissioner, Colonel Cunningham, and Professor Peter Agathon, the leader of the Right Wing in

the Soviet Government. The idea was to ease an evolution towards a less decidedly Communist but still advanced régime. It was apparently agreed that if Bela Kun and his Communist colleagues resigned, a purely Social Democratic Ministry would be "recognized." The agreed programme was based on the early summons of a Constituent Assembly, but in the meantime the accomplished measures of socialization were to be maintained, and the Soviets continue to exist. A Ministry was accordingly formed by the Soviet under a Trade Union leader named Peidl, which included three of Bela Kun's former colleagues, Garbai (the late President), Agathon, and Haubrich (commandant of Budapest). No sooner was it formed than it became doubtful whether it would in fact be recognized. One telegram stated that three "bourgeois" Ministers had been added to it, another that it had resigned. The French press regretted that the "White Guard" Counter-Revolutionary Government, sheltering at Szeged, under French and Roumanian protection, had not been installed at Budapest. This body, a combination of aristocratic *émigrés* and army contractors, recently offered the Crown of Hungary to Prince Alexander of Serbia.

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THERE is here the making of a pretty diplomatic quarrel. British policy prefers to deal with tame Socialists. French policy favors open reaction. The Italians, whose influence is important in this part of Europe, are naturally opposed to the idea of a union of Magyars and Jugo-Slavs under the Serbian crown, and rumor insists that they used to sell munitions to Bela Kun. The Roumanians, meanwhile, are dis-regarding the Big Four. They have insisted on occupying Budapest, and a Berlin telegram states that they have arrested everyone in any way connected with the Soviets. They have also issued a brutal ultimatum—every whit as bad as Austria's ultimatum to Serbia—making a number of extreme demands on the State which they have outraged. King Ferdinand, it is said, desires to make a triumphal entry in person. The Paris policy of using one Balkan race against another is bearing its natural fruits. The only sign of moderation and humanity is an announcement from Paris that the blockade will be lifted, subject, however, to the good behavior of the Budapest government. In other words, the threat of a renewed blockade is to be used as an engine of further pressure and further intervention. An election under such conditions would be a farce. The comment on all these doings stands in the armistice agreement with Hungary. In it the Allies pledged themselves not to intervene in Hungary's internal affairs.

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COMMANDER Kenworthy has succeeded in extracting a very remarkable answer out of Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, as to the blockade (which is not a blockade) of Russia (with which we are not at war). "No blockade," he said, "has been declared, or is being exercised against any part of Russia," none the less "the existing conditions . . . render it . . . physically impossible for goods to reach the interior of Russia." Let us test this

statement. We hold Archangel and the Murman Coast, and doubtless take care that no goods go through. Is that not a blockade? In Siberia there is Koltchak. In Odessa there is (or was) Grigorieff, a renegade ex-Bolshevik (now said to be assassinated). In Riga, Reval, and other Baltic ports there are the Lettish and Esthonian Republics, who presumably do our blockading for us. In Finland there is also a "White Guard" government. The circle is nearly complete, and nearly everywhere we can point to some subsidized enemy of the Soviets who does our work for us. One port, however, is still in the hands of the Bolsheviks. They have Kronstadt, though (without being at war) we occasionally shell it and bomb it. We will make our question precise. What is the physical obstacle to the entry of German goods (say medicines or machine parts) in a Swedish or Danish ship into Kronstadt, or by the navigable channel to the Neva and Petrograd? Ships of considerable tonnage can get right up to the quays. The obstacle, of course, is our navy, which sees to it that it shall be "physically impossible" for food to reach starving Petrograd.

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No less a person than Professor Masaryk, President of Tchecho-Slovakia, has declared against intervention in Russia. As the civil head of that remarkable legion which first began the war for the Allies, his opinion has a certain piquancy. He is, moreover, perhaps the foremost authority on Russia among non-Russians, and the author of a very solid work on Russian thought and literature. If the Allies were going to intervene effectively, it could only be by "a powerful military expedition," and that, as he argues, is impossible. Nevertheless, he would not leave the Russians alone. "I think" (we quote from the "New Republic" of July 23) "it is the duty of the Allies to enter into relations with all Russian groups and with all existing Russian governments. There was nothing monstrous about the Prinkipo proposal. I should like to see the Allies entering into relations with Lenin, Koltchak, and Denikin. . . . The Allies must help Russia, but by peaceful methods." Hard on this pronouncement comes a joint protest from the representatives of the three Baltic governments in London (Latvia, Lithuania, Esthonia) against the whole policy of supporting Koltchak against the Soviets, and Esthonia has withdrawn from the war. Yet it was largely for the sake of these States that Mr. Churchill defends our intervention.

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THE week has been filled with industrial disturbances old and new, which for the moment seem dying down. The miners' strike, the bakers' strike, the strike of some municipal employees, have, however, all yielded in importance to the Metropolitan police strike, started as an answer to the Government's veto on the Police Union. There were imitative strikes in Liverpool and elsewhere, leading in other towns to the "sympathetic" strike of some engine drivers on the London and South-Western Railway. Probably the police strike has definitely failed. Only about one man in twenty left his duty, and the organization of the force was maintained against so partial a weakening of it. But in Liverpool the withdrawal of a greater proportion of police opened the way to a brief reign of disorder, in which shops were broken into and sacked, and it was said, an attempt was made to fire the docks. The Government, through the inevitable Mr. Churchill, we suppose, answered with a theatrical display of tanks and warships, and the municipality with a more practical rally of special constables and loyal police.

To the larger issues which these wild outbursts raise the Government have made no contribution save to exasperate them. For the police strikers, there has been no mercy. All have been dismissed without hope of reinstatement, though a year ago they established their Union amid universal *éclat*. The police have now lost the door to trade unionism which the Government half-opened to them, and the trade unionist world itself is probably divided as to what its strategy should be. But its leaders must endeavor to keep discipline. The strike on the South-Western Railway was a branch affair unauthorized by the Union's Executive, and presently disowned by them. The Government merely promises repression. Direct action is to be resisted by the whole force of the State, and local anarchy is to be put down. They even allow Scotland Yard to introduce on to the scene a formidable "Norwegian" bearing £6,000 (in Bradburys?) from Lenin, designed as a contribution to the British Revolution. The emissary from Russia seems to have disappeared after a lightning descent on the country, and his invasion to be advertized in order to show that the police had the prize in hand and let him go. This is mere Billingism; the strike movement is ungovernable enough, but it proceeds from causes special to our economic and political difficulties, and it is to them that the Government must address itself.

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THERE is no pause in the mad rout of Ministerial extravagance. When it should be looking at every penny, and cutting down every unnecessary service, it creates a new Secretary of State, votes five of its members an increase of salary from £2,000 to £5,000 a year, and picks the tax-payer's pocket of a cool million to grease the wheels of the Welsh Church Bill. It has also proposed and carried a grant of £585,000 to the leading British commanders, naval and military, in the war. We think that the Labor Party's proposal of £200,000 is ample, and that the country would have approved and the soldiers would not have resented a more moderate reward. War, with all its horrors, is not a commercial affair, and the soldier, save in the repellent example of a Marlborough, who was a venal scoundrel, is far from the type of the profiteer. The General thinks of honor, and of that there has been an unstinted flow to all our most successful leaders. Why, then, load them with guineas drawn no longer from a purse of Fortunatus?

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For four years past the conscriptionist agitation has been carried on in America by many organizations, the most powerful of them financed by Big Business. Apart from the immense patriotic campaign, these influences have worked through the churches and colleges, associations and business and professional men, and every kind of conference where the plea of duty and discipline could be made—including such bodies as the Taft-Lowell League to Enforce Peace. The old-line Republican leaders in the Eastern States are united for conscription, but there is no evidence that they have the support of the progressive Republicans in the West, where, however, the recent race riots will be used as an argument. The older Liberals, such as Dr. C. W. Eliot, have used their influence in favor of the Swiss system; but Big Business demands a military system for the holding down the mass of polyglot workers. Mr. Baker's Bill is a disaster for American progressives, who have no leaders in the Democratic party if Mr. Wilson and Mr. Baker fail them. But it is by no means unlikely that their open defection may be the signal for



a powerful resistance independent of the party machine. As for the tragic irony of America's going over to militarism at this hour of the world's history, it needs no emphasizing.

THE discussion of the Treaty in America has been suddenly swamped in a labor crisis of the utmost gravity. The unrest in the whole industrial world, due first to the merciless rise of prices, has crystallized in the action of the Railroad Brotherhoods, who demand an immediate increase of wages and the passage by Congress of the Plumb Bill for the public ownership and control of the railways. Fourteen unions, representing two million railwaymen, are comprised in the demand for higher wages. On the eve of the last Presidential election Mr. Wilson used his personal authority in favor of the eight-hours day, and Government control in war-time has been accompanied by a raising of the wage-scale. The return of the railways to the companies, according to the President's pledge, would in any case have brought an impossible situation, since the chaos of railway finance and management is unbounded. The Government, clearly, made a bad blunder in not producing an interim scheme of control, especially when it became clear that the Federation of Labor was determined to press for immediate nationalization. The most interesting new fact in the situation is that the Brotherhoods are to rely in their campaign, not upon strikes, but organizing political pressure in the constituencies according to the methods perfected by the Anti-Saloon League in the Prohibition crusade. The Administration has not so far declared any policy in regard to the railways, but the President has been driven to action by the universal outcry against profiteering.

THIS week's Government "stunt," said by the "Daily News" to be due to Mr. George's direct initiative, is the announcement by Sir Auckland Geddes of the Bill to set up tribunals to punish profiteers. The Bill is to be passed into law before the recess, even if Parliament has to be kept waiting for its vacation. Such tardy virtue should have its reward. It is, of course, designed as a sedative for labor troubles, good enough at least to last the summer holidays. Not, of course, that profiteering does not exist, and ought not to be punished. But in Mr. Roberts's long account of his experiences as Food Controller, his failure to lay his finger upon profiteering is instructive. He can neither define, nor discover it, though he makes no doubt that it is there. He pleads a kindly conviction that Controls have kept it under, though his evidence makes it manifest that his method of costing and price-fixing turns every business man above the average competence into a profiteer, in the sense that the prices fixed yield him a margin of profit greatly above what is required to sustain his success.

SEEING that the real grievance is not profiteering but high prices, this new experiment starts under bad auspices. For Mr. Roberts showed good reasons for believing that, in view of our low productivity and the increasing demands of the Continent, the world prices, both of foods and materials, were likely to rise as time went on instead of falling. It is all very well for Sir Auckland Geddes to set up his local and central tribunals to deal with food and clothing, household furniture, and other articles of ordinary use. Just conceivably it may put the fear of God into a few combines and local associations for fixing prices. But if the Government think it will stop industrial unrest they are in a fool's paradise.

Prices will continue to rise, and as things go the rise will be mainly due to the inevitable operation of economic laws. What can be done if the Government means business is, first to stop the profiteering for which Government itself is directly responsible, that practised by brewers and landlords, at their invitation and with their help, and that just practised by Ministers in raising the price of the dubious services they render to the tune of 150 per cent.. For the rest it is clear that the new Tribunals will be manned by profiteers, set to catch other profiteers. Grocer Jones will sit on grocer Smith, and give him Jedburgh justice. But the big fish will escape. Who can trace the story of an article in its passage from the Trust to the retailer, and say at what point it was loaded with an undue profit? You catch the profiteer when you tax him.

TWO International Labor Conferences have met during this week, and both have served chiefly to illustrate the cross-divisions in the movement. At Lucerne nearly half the Socialist parties of Europe were unrepresented, because they have adhered to Lenin's "Third International" at Moscow. The dramatic movements of this conference seem to have been provided by the verbal war of M. Vandervelde upon the German Majority delegates, and of M. Tseretelli for the Russian Minsheviks against M. Longuet, whom he accuses of concealed Bolshevism. The German Majority made no direct defence of its attitude during the war, but pleaded ignorance of the diplomatic facts, and promised the speedy publication of all the German official documents. We find it difficult to follow Mr. Gompers's verbal war against the Germans at the Trade Union Conference in Amsterdam with any interest: he defended the exclusion of German and Austrian workers from the "International Labor Convention" to be held at Washington, and seems resolved to go on fighting out the war even in the trade union field.

PRESIDENT WILSON and his Secretary for War have capitulated upon the crucial issue of compulsory military service. The Army Bill submitted to Congress this week by Mr. Baker, provides for three months of intensive training for all youths of nineteen, and general liability to military service for two years. The standing army is fixed at 510,000, with reserves a million and a quarter, and the new system is estimated to add 600,000 recruits a year. As, along with the demand for permanent conscription, there has been for some years an incessant conservative agitation for universal military training in schools and colleges, we may assume that the passing of the Bill would involve the complete militarization of the American school and university system. Mr. Baker, though regarded as a radical pacifist, carried through the Military Service Acts of 1917 and 1918 thoroughly enough almost to satisfy the most reactionary Republicans, but it was understood that his position in regard to peace-time conscription was unchanged. The political explanation of his surrender would seem to be that, in order to forestall a more drastic scheme by a Republican Administration, he decided to get Congress committed to a plan which he and his colleagues could defend as preserving the essential freedom of a citizen army. Unfortunately, however, it has already been condemned by the National Guard Association, which, representing the old United States Militia, now consists principally of men who have played a part in the European war. By them the Bill is denounced as "the creation in America of machinery for the establishment of that detestable Prussian system which is abhorrent to the American people."

## Politics and Affairs.

### A GOVERNMENT THAT CANNOT GOVERN.

"I have accused the Prime Minister of opportunist prodigality, with which principle he has imbued the colossal staffs surrounding himself and his Ministers; of interfering with good government in the country, and particularly with the moral of the Civil Service; of entering into and supporting a systematic interference of the politician in industrial disputes, and thereby achieving the double result of fomenting trouble and degrading the Government; and of promoting and condoning lavish waste and expenditure. A system of doles and political bribery for the maintenance of personal political power can never last, but it may irretrievably injure this country before it comes to a dishonorable end."—Lord Asquith on Mr. Lloyd George.

WHAT is to be done with a Government which cannot govern? That is the question of the hour, and it cannot be evaded or dismissed. There are some plain tests of the power to govern. Mr. George and his colleagues fail to answer to every one of them. The first is the financial test. The Chancellor of the Exchequer confesses to a daily expenditure of nearly four and a-half millions, and is in effect committed to asking of the country in a single year nearly double its pre-war debt and about half its pre-war income. For the three military services the Government's claim on the country's purse has been 615 millions. For the Army alone they have asked £440,000,000. Some of this expenditure is cancelled. But much of it goes on. Thus for a totally new military service, that of the air, they demand more than double the amount which was spent on the army in 1914. And by a series of political acts and decisions they propose to keep in being the apparatus and atmosphere of a gigantic militarism. Though the war on Germany is over, the war on European Socialism goes on. Unless every word that the authors of the Peace have said in its defence is a lie, it has brought the reign of military force in Europe to an end. Yet we arm and arm. Up to 1920 this country will be maintaining nearly a million conscripts. An army of occupation is fixed for years in one quarter of Europe. A stream of military supplies pours in to another. Great establishments, swollen by every art of favoritism, and conducted on any plan but that of commercial practice, feed the outlay and bleed the taxpayer white. Parasites by the thousand cling to this body of extravagance, and will not be shaken off. Thanks to the luxury in which the Government maintains its unnecessary servants, London is a carnival, kept going by a swarm of artists and entertainers, actors, dressmakers, cooks, hotel-keepers, jewellers, and other camp-followers of the Army of Pleasure. The spirit of war-waste penetrates the peace, and the statesman who incarnates it heads the rout.

Take a second test of Government, the maintenance of social and political order. Some allowance must be made for the relaxation of the people's minds after the enervating excitement of the war. But the country is subject to a policy and to a play of character which invite demoralization. Democracy, let us say, is a great experiment that has never yet been fully tried, though it is always being begun. But its success is subject to just the same conditions of honesty, strength, insight and consistency in statesmanship as any other form of government. Coquette with it, alternately yield to and then deny it, till it feels itself a pawn in a game of personal ambition, and as its instrument is the fallible will and temper of man, it will serve you ill. The result of such treatment of all sorts and conditions of

manual workers is that the entire laboring community is out of hand. The lot of each in turn becomes the sport of Mr. George's will, and fills a scene in his perpetual comedy of "As You Like It." Do the miners ask for nationalization? Then a Commission will say "Yes," and a Minister and his Parliamentary following "No," and between the half-responsibility of both, and the designed evasiveness of the whole manœuvre, the men's minds are shaken until a prime occupation of the British people is thrown completely out of gear. Do the police raise the difficult question of the right of combination? Then one Minister may take them by the hand and show them into the trade-unionist fold, while another roughly shepherds them back again. The country is bound to look to its vanishing pence, and its governors to contrive a careful and fair adjustment of the claims of labor. Comes a single stroke of Mr. Churchill's pen and a bill of 160 millions must pay for it. Government in such hands is a mere scattering of coppers from the windows of Downing-street, when it is not a peremptory banging of the door.

The third test of Government is that of order and responsibility in administration. In the absence of a Cabinet with a definite policy, duly and regularly submitted to Parliament, the universal disarray in the country appears as an inevitable reflection of the disarray in the Prime minister's mind. Nothing will ever turn Mr. George into an economist. He has the spendthrift habit and mind. He could not even appear at the Treasury without turning it into a spending Department. And nothing can convert him to our traditional method of Government by Committee. Who governs what? The real issues, which are economic, are decided in loosely constituted executive bodies, which possess no clearing-house for policy. Mr. George hardly ever sits in the Chamber where for generations British statesmen have been accustomed to give an account of their stewardship; even in peacetime he prefers the music of the Eisteddfod to the bagpipes of Westminster. Then does the Cabinet govern, as it was wont to govern through the heads of the great Departments, assembled on the Treasury Bench? There is no such Cabinet. Mr. George has his personal court, and if Lord Northcliffe can no longer count as a friend in council, there is still the proprietor of the "News of the World." But at the best he is only half a British Minister. The world is in unsettlement, and at critical moments Mr. George's spiritual eye may go roving fitfully to Teschen or Laibach. Thus the country neither enjoys a Ministry of the old, regular constitutional type, nor of the new order, fitted to the immense complication of modern industry, and strengthened by its representatives. It merely enjoys Mr. George.

This cannot go on. No family can live without character in its head. Man's desire for leadership is instinctive, and it can be satisfied. But Mr. George does not lead. He is profuse of settlements that settle nothing and of promises that have the currency of an hour. But he is incapable of an effort of true stimulation. Daily the country advances further to a complete disunion of purpose, a shattering estrangement of classes. Daily its moral fibre weakens with distaste for work and habituation to pleasure. Mr. George sees its deterioration and cannot cure it. He has only taught it to hate and to fight; never under his guidance will it acquire the strength of soul to resume and carry on the abandoned work of civilization. Genius, such as we may concede to this or that part of Mr. George's



personality, is useless, and worse than useless, unless it has the power to enlist the best that the country has to offer in thought and action and in representative quality, and to mobilise and co-ordinate their work. But no merely efficient Government can of itself save England. The country is sick and needs a physician. It must be spoken to and tranquillized. It must be taken out of the atmosphere of war, and addressed first to its international task, which is the restoration of European life, and of the spirit of human brotherhood, and then to the healing of its deep internal wound. No war Government can rule much longer without bringing on the sequence of such a war, which is Revolution. Still less can one man exercise an almost despotic power in the spirit and with the agents of its vast confusion.

### ARMS AND THE IDEA.

THE fall of the Communist Government in Hungary appears to have been the mechanical consequence of a military event. The broad facts as we know them are that the resumed Roumanian offensive ended in the arrival of the invaders in the suburbs of Budapest. Hungary had to sue for peace, and the decision of Paris, announced in a very emphatic proclamation, was that no peace would be granted to Bela Kun. He kept up the fight till the enemy were actually at his gates, and then he resigned.

That bald summary of events sufficiently explains what has happened, and even if full details were available, they might not add much to our knowledge of causes. The Hungarian Red Army had passed through some strange vicissitudes. In the early fighting at the end of April it was badly worsted by the Roumanians, but it gradually pulled itself together, and held them. Then it defeated the Tchecho-Slovaks in a triumphant counter-offensive. In this last campaign, the first round seemed to go in its favor, and then it was itself (we know no details) hopelessly smashed. Were these purely military events? Was it out-numbered, or out-generalled, did its munitions fail, or was it simply unwilling to fight any longer for the Communist régime? We do not know. The marvel is that men who have gone through nearly five years of war can be induced at all to fight, as Russians, Magyars, and some Germans will fight, in these revolutionary wars. But we cannot guess why they fight well against Tchechs and ill against Roumanians, unless it be that the latter, under French leadership, were in a purely military sense the stronger force. So far as the facts are known, they seem to mean merely that the Communist experiment has come to an end because the Red Army was beaten in the field. That is a military and not a political fact. The fortune of war has been decided in one way; with a better general, or more guns, or more shells, or more men, it might, for all that political merits and demerits affected the matter, have fallen out otherwise. Bela Kun beat the Tchechs and lost to the Roumanians. Lenin beats Koltchak and loses to Denikin. We seem to be moving among external facts and mechanical consequences, and the biggest political issues are settled by the possession of heavy guns or tanks.

If we go on to face the much more baffling question whether Hungary, left to itself, would in the end have found contentment under Communism, again no clean test is available. It certainly had at the start numerous and eager partizans. Our impression is that, on the whole, the big city of Budapest was favorable to it in

the first exciting weeks of April. There was, of course, a large hostile minority, but, so far as a foreigner could judge the tone of the streets, the mood of the crowds, and the trend of fashion, at least among the younger and more mentally mobile inhabitants, the revolution was popular. It had come at a moment of utter dejection and collapse. It was a new hope, a sporting chance, a spirited effort to make a new world out of ruin. For a moment Budapest thought it was heading where others would assuredly follow. Munich did promptly follow, and Vienna was held back only by the dread of total starvation. It was confidently expected that the Russians would break through across Eastern Galicia, and there were then (and still are) rumblings of Bolshevik revolt in Bulgaria. "In a few weeks," said a very competent Allied official with his hand on all these pulses, "Lenin's frontier may be the Swiss border."

That was the outlook in April. If the mood of Budapest has changed, it must be largely because the external scene has changed. Munich (which produced no man of Bela Kun's calibre) was reduced by Noske's legions. Vienna elected to live on American flour. The Russians did not break through on the Galician front; Hungary, in short, was isolated. Much worse was the grinding effect of the blockade. Without coal and raw materials the socialized factories (with a few exceptions) could work neither well nor ill—they could not work at all. The town had nothing to sell to the country. The currency, nearly worthless before the revolution, ceased to have any quotable value at all. Clothing grew scantier with every week, and the sick died off for lack of medicines. We are quite prepared to learn that Communism became unpopular, and that even a part of the masses who had idolized him began to think of Bela Kun as the man who (in effect) deprived them of clothes and work, and fats, and medicines. None the less, all this is absolutely irrelevant to the merits or demerits of Communism. If England were blockaded as effectively, the consequences would be the same, but no conclusion would follow as to the failure of the British constitution or the capitalist system. The blockade has done its work, or rather the blockade and the Roumanian army together. There is no conclusion, save that a really stringent blockade can reduce any country which is not in all essentials self-supporting.

"But at length," the reader may say, "we are going to have a real test. There are to be free elections in Hungary, on the well-tryed democratic plan, with no nonsense about Soviets. When the Constituent Assembly meets, we shall know what Hungary really thinks." We wish we shared this sanguine opinion. In the first place we do not know who will "make" the elections: as we write, it is quite impossible to say what Ministry rules in Hungary or whether any Ministry rules at all. The moral and intellectual collapse after the end of the great war was absolute. Only one party survived, and that was the Socialist party, for it alone was not compromised in the war. Tisza was dead, and his party could not be revived. The Radicals had advised their adherents to vote Socialist. A few exceptional individuals like Count Michael Karolyi (a radical pacifist) stood erect, but they had no following. What is now the alternative? Only a collection of "White Guard" *émigrés*, men who had sustained the old régime with all its brutal corruptions, men who stood for the old feudal landowning system, men who had fought a democratic franchise for a generation, men, finally, who proposed to return to monarchy by calling in a Serbian King. These people have French support, but we imagine they will have Italian opposition, for Italy does not care to see Serbia aggrandized.

On the other side there is the Socialist party, robbed of its daring Communist Left Wing, emasculated of its dashing leaders like Kun and Poganyi, and even of the brilliant intellectuals like Dr. Lukacs or Professor Kunfi, who joined the Soviet Government—in short, a rump of its weaker and less conspicuous men. A poor choice, even if it be a free choice. But how can it be free? The vote will be taken with the Roumanian armies camped round Budapest. It will be taken, above all, with the menace of the blockade still hanging over Hungary. Suppose that Hungary were to vote to set up the Soviets again, and recall Bela Kun. What would happen? No peace. No recognition. No trade. Hungary, of course, will not vote for Socialism, because a vote for Socialism is a vote for the blockade. Once more, to-morrow as to-day, we are living in the world of force and external causation, in which decisions go by armies and fleets.

We find ourselves, in front of this prospect, recurring to the warning which Lord Robert Cecil uttered in the Russian debate. Communism is an idea. We are fighting it with tanks and blockades. In such a contest, conducted by such means, there is, in the soldier's word, "no decision." The idea lives, and it still works. Beneath the newspaper headlines, the simplest working-class reader can read the facts clearly. He knows that we are not making democracy secure. He knows that by force we may be thwarting the will, the self-determination of another people. He knows that absolutely nothing is settled as to the merits of Magyar Communism because an army of Roumanian serfs has got to Budapest. "Why not," said Lenin, the other day, "fight it out with pamphlets? Let us freely exchange accurate descriptions of what each system of government really is." Well, that would be a democratic decision. A very alluring description could be written of what Bela Kun attempted and partly achieved—the self-governed factories, which worked well when they could get raw materials; the communal powers, which also worked well; the ambitious transformation of the schools; the theatres, in which artizans listened to good opera in the stalls; the career open to every talent and service. The worker cannot be indifferent; the artists may be enthusiastic, and the puritan will recollect that alcohol was prohibited and the brothels disappeared. On the other hand, Liberals will hate the repression of individual life and choice, the war on a free press, the useless orders and small ukases of a government based on Marxian ideas.

But the old world in its contact with the new idea evades argument. It disseminates war. We make a bloody visible class-war on the Continent, and then we marvel that a class-war begins at home. Our rulers declared it, and it breaks out in their rear. It is possible, perhaps probable, that they will win this round of it. Lenin may eventually go down, as Bela Kun has gone down. The strikes at home may die down. But as the working masses of Britain and Europe ponder over these things, they will inevitably draw the broad historical moral that lies on their surface. The big fact in our age is a struggle for power. It may be waged between Empires, or it may be waged between classes. In either case it seems to be the bigger or better organized battalions that win. We preach democracy and apply starvation with tanks. Well then, they also can talk Democracy, and apply direct action. It is because we do not believe our creed, that they treat it as hypocrisy and retort with the revolutionary strike.

Wiser men, like General Smuts, have urged other courses. We might have had peace with Russia many

months ago: we need never have had war with Hungary. What, then, would have followed? We should then have watched the real development of these social experiments. We should have seen (without the complication of the blockade) whether communism can organize production, whether art and education evolve on the programmes laid down, whether the dictatorship, when others cease to use hunger and force, will give way to freedom. If the working model commended itself on a calm view, then to be sure other democracies might have adopted it, or more probably adapted it. Do we fear that movement of ideas? Do we question the ability of our democracy to judge? These efforts to kill the new idea at birth suggest that we do.

#### TO SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

NEVER has the call for reason, commonsense, intelligent self-interest, and goodwill in the conduct of industry been more urgent than at the present moment. Never has the call met with so feeble a response. The prime requirements of our economic situation are evident. They are economy, productivity, the expansion of our export trade, and security for the operation of our vital services. None of these requirements is forthcoming. Government, employers, the political and economic leaders of Labor, the consuming public, seem paralyzed for every purpose of control, and watch in frightened impotence the wheels of industry running free or slowing down. Economy there is none. Government vies with the war-profiters in wild extravagance, and has just flaunted its betrayal of its first duty to the nation by admitting an expenditure of four and a half millions a day, twice as much as the true annual income it is empowered to raise. The employing class lives from hand to mouth, incapable of making any reasonably distinct plans, daily expectant of fresh demands and interruptions. Responsible trade union leaders in most of the great trades watch their authority and advice and the rules of their organizations set at defiance by improvised local rebellions. The means of production in most industries exists in adequate supplies, but productivity, far from rising to repair war-losses is slowing down. The increased exports, which must pay for overseas food and materials which formerly came in as interest on foreign investments, are not forthcoming, with the result that we are faced with the alternatives of shutting down our necessary imports or of plunging more heavily into debt. And, finally, the vital industries and services upon which our whole economic life depends, one after another are threatening stoppage.

It is easy to generalize upon the trouble, and to explain how war and its passions of hate, greed and suspicion, striking back into each nation, are arousing these intestinal disturbances. It is also possible to tabulate the new claims of labor and to discuss in abstract terms their reasonability. But the root-fact remains that the governing principles and habits which before the war kept industry in tolerable working order have now lost their grip. Even the dullest among us must recognize that a return to the 1914 government of industry is impracticable, even if it were desirable. But some government is essential. At present we have none. Direct action of labor-groups for an industrial end or even for some grave political emergency, may be defensible, but not as an act of industrial self-government. Liberals and democrats have supported the right to strike as a legitimate weapon in the struggle of the economic under dog to get a fair share of the social product, and to



obtain decent conditions of work and livelihood in the competitive struggle. But such a struggle, so conducted, has come to be recognized as what it is, the negation of good government for industry. It is war, and war is not less the enemy of democracy in industry than in politics. Strikes are only defensible in reason and justice as protests against an essentially unjust industrial order, which for the moment is incapable of radical reform. This defence still holds good, because we have not yet made any serious or adequate attempt to apply equitable principles of government to industry.

The solution of this great problem brooks no delay. What remaining elements of reason and goodwill survive must be mobilized. It should be recognized, first, that the continuance of the strike policy will inevitably bring bloodshed and violent revolution; secondly, that the trade unionists will not and cannot abandon this weapon unless they are assured of an adjudication of the causes for which they invoke it. No patchwork of conciliation, profit-sharing, arbitration and the like will meet the case. It must be envisaged in a larger sense as the erection of democratic self-government in industry.

This does not signify, as at first sight it may seem, the handing over of the several industries to the undirected dominion of a proletarian Soviet. The ultimate wrongness of the strike remedy does not merely lie in the use of economic force as a substitute for justice. It lies in the attempt to settle the social problem of the distribution of wealth and work by trade-individualism. In other words, it ignores the basic fact that every industry in a modern community is a social service. What right, then, has a group of employers and a group of workers, quarrelling about terms of profits or pay, to put to heavy loss, discomfort, or even starvation, the whole of the society whose wants and vital interests they exist to serve and whose consent to the withdrawal of their service they have not obtained? As experience shows, it is impossible for society to acquiesce in the assertion of this false and separatist declaration of rights. It simply is not true that a group of mine-owners or of railway directors have a "right" to shut down their mines or transport facilities, or a group of miners or railwaymen suddenly to cease working the mines or railways, in order to enforce their group-will to the detriment of the society whose safety or very existence depends on their continuing the service which they had undertaken. The terms on which that service is rendered ought not to depend upon the sectional balances of power effected by separate groups of capitalists and workers. The vital interests of the public in the reliable supply of those services upon reasonable terms cannot thus be ignored or overridden. And the reasonableness of the terms of service ought not to be simply a matter to be determined by the specific capital and labor engaged in a service, acting either in conflict or collusion. This ability to make the public suffer by withholding the service is no proper gauge of a reasonable profit or a reasonable wage.

But to assert this true principle of social paramountcy by empowering the Government to prohibit trade-unionism or to place an embargo upon strikes even in the most vital services would be a disastrous folly. For neither capital nor labor in any industry possesses the respect for or the confidence in governmental action necessary to secure the surrender of their present liberties. Nor does Government deserve such respect or confidence. The first essential of social salvation in our dangerous situation is to recognize that the State and its Government Departments do not possess

the moral and practical authority for the control of the vital industries and for the settlement of labor troubles in them.

This defect is manifest in the methods which Government employs and threatens to employ in the present emergency. To forbid by law the free organization of the employees, even in the most vital of all services—the police—is a fatuous policy. To threaten to break strikes in other vital industries by governmental blacklegging is a still more dangerous error. A single further step along this path may bring the country into industrial anarchy. For every step will harden the conviction among the workers that the State is their enemy, and not an instrument of democratic self-government established and maintained by a free electorate of which they form the overwhelming majority. At all hazards the Government should avoid being driven into posing as a capitalist State, repressing with a high hand the use of the strike weapon, even for political ends which lie outside the normal scope of industrial action. For every success it may win by this means will be its own undoing, by driving labor into more unconstitutional methods. No informed person believes that the State can forcibly crush trade unionism in this country, or fasten upon all our vital services conditions of employment which preclude strikes.

The government of industry must be so transformed as to win a social control and a social security based upon the consent and goodwill of the workers. Pre-war arrangements, already shown to be ineffective for emergencies, are now completely obsolete. For they rested upon the shaky pillars of a competitive system which has now virtually collapsed. Firms engaged in the vital industries no longer compete with one another for prices and wages: they agree and combine. Labor, too, in most of these industries has eliminated individual bargaining and acts as a single aggregate. Social control must take account of these new conditions. But how? We are told, and we agree, that certain essential industries must pass without delay under national ownership and working. But everybody knows that, if that simply means ultimate control by Civil Service officials, such a change would win neither economy nor security of supplies. In other words, the present kind of State control contains neither the form nor the spirit of industrial self-government. We are not urging a surrender to the claim that the miners should run the mines, the railway-workers the railways. That purely sectional solution opens up new difficulties as grave as those it affects to solve. But industrial self-government does involve a sufficiently large representation upon the managerial executive of the wage-earners in the trade or service to secure moral confidence.

This large direct representation of the producers in the several services will not, however, satisfy the needs and demands of the general public. There must be evolved some representative body, ultimately vested with governmental powers, capable of arbitrating and adjusting the excessive claims of interested groups of producers. Is it impossible that the National Industrial Council, at present in a tentative experimental stage, should develop into a permanent body with a genuinely popular and representative character. Some such uncontaminated popular council is certainly required, not only for the interpretation and adjustment of conflicting claims within the nationalized services, but for supervizing the methods of public control which in some form or other must be retained over other industries and services which, though not ripe for nationalization, will breed conflicts and abuses of power, if left to the operation of laws of supply

and demand no longer relevant to the new conditions of industry.

Some such body, commanding public confidence and largely, if not predominantly, composed of elected representatives of organized labor, should, as soon as possible, be vested with the duty of enquiry and report upon the difficulties and grievances which form the substance of our discontents, and should be able to assume the real functions of a final court of appeal for industrial cases. There is every reason why officials of the Government should participate in the work of such a body and why the State should give what legal sanction and support may be deemed advisable. But, seeing that the object of paramount importance is to improvise an organ of industrial self-government which shall command the respect and wield the authority denied to State officialism, every care should be taken to retain for it

the maximum of independence, and withhold all powers of enforcing awards or judgments. State-force cannot settle our industrial problems, because in the last resort you cannot compel men to work who do not wish to work. The appeal of reason must be addressed to the intelligence and goodwill of responsible beings. Our Government lacks the moral force. The separate trades are not so organized as to afford a sufficiently disinterested appeal. A democratic government for industry as a whole must, therefore, be created out of the sectional organizations which exist and must assert such reasonable and moderating influences as it may acquire. Trade-unionism alone has never shown itself fully competent to this great rôle. But will it not in this supreme moment of national need co-operate with other organized elements of the community in an attempt to save the Commonwealth?

## THE STATE OF IRELAND.

OUR Government's policy in Ireland is recurrent exasperation. Carlyle once compared the relation of our island to the other with that of a dull and silent laborer to a nagging, shrill-tongued wife. The nagging is on the other side now, and the Government has developed a kind of perverted tact in discovering what will irritate most. One might suppose the Government almost clever, so acutely does it touch the sore again and again. To celebrate peace in Dublin, the saluting point of the march past was fixed just at the doors of the Parliament House, the centre of fond memories and hopes. There went the guns, horse, foot, tanks, and machines of an Army which had fought for independence and self-determination among Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, and heaven knows what other races, but was now present to suppress thoughts of independence or self-determination in well-known Ireland. As a War Memorial in Ireland the Castle calls for contributions to an Army Canteen in one of the principal streets of Dublin in order that the British garrison may accomplish its task more comfortably. The police known as "G Men" raid the houses of men and women above suspicion of crime. Men and women live in and out of prison, or like hares chivvied upon the mountains and from cover to cover. A duly announced Labor meeting was at the last moment "proclaimed" (July 22nd), and the Dublin Mansion House, where it was to be held, was suddenly surrounded with police. A meeting in Antrim to celebrate a patriot of Elizabeth's time was "proclaimed" and platoons of soldiers surrounded his cairn, while a naval boat supported them from the bay. I give instances only of what I have myself seen and known during the last few weeks, but the instances are typical of our Government's policy throughout the country.

I need not speak of the exasperation caused by the appointment of the present Chief Secretary; or by the honors bestowed upon "Gallopper Smith," who now rides the Woolsack; or by the immunity of Sir Edward Carson after an offence which Lord Justice O'Connor thus described in his recent charge to the Grand Jury at Cork when some prisoner less influential was up for trial:—

"The offence is complete if preparations are made for rebellion or warfare, even though that rebellion or warfare never takes place, and is not intended to take place until and unless a certain contingency which may or may not happen does happen."

Hope deferred combines with exasperation to make the heart sick. Often as I have visited Ireland, I came last month for the first time with hope. Like other Englishmen, I was encouraged by the change of attitude in the Northcliffe papers, which one hoped might at last be powerful for good. And I was encouraged by the change in the "Observer," whose editor has often

supplied the Unionist Party with brains. But in Ireland, among the many to whom I listened, I found only three who shared my hopes. The bare fact is that trust in England's good faith and good intention is now extinct. If any revived forty years ago after the history of seven centuries, it has been stifled by the repeated disappointments and deceptions before the war, and by the present system of exasperation. I once said that after a political discussion with Irish people I felt like a man who has been skilfully operated upon for a disease he never had. This time the operation was as complete and even more incisive. It is hard for any Englishman to hear his country taunted with ill-faith, hypocrisy, and hatred of freedom without being able to answer. But such treatment is natural under such a Government as we English have chosen to elect.

To an Englishman the disbelief in any possibility of justice to come from England is galling, but Irishmen suffer too. After that Labor meeting at the Mansion House in Dublin was "proclaimed," the party assembled in a large deserted garden to listen to a well-known Scottish Labor leader, and, without much tact, he told us that he had come over to educate the Irish people because they neglected wider issues in their devotion to Home Rule. His words were received with derision, for "Home Rule" has been three years dead. But there was a truth in what the Scotsman said. All the best thought and energy and life of Ireland have long been devoted to the vain endeavor to secure just that machinery of freedom and self-government which should be the possession of every nation by right and to start with. Only when that is secured can any nation begin to exercise its full powers, or even to show what its powers are. No effort for national freedom can be called wasted, but in Ireland great energies and noble devotion are expended which might be used for other services equally fine. Who, for instance, can estimate the loss in brain and character to Ireland and the world when James Connolly, sorely wounded in the Rebellion, was three years ago drawn to execution in the prison yard? There was a man endowed by nature with good sense, practical powers of detail, and singular charm of personality. In any free country he would have guided the people. In Ireland he could but die in a struggle which he knew to be hopeless.

That is but one case out of many. One by one the finest minds of Ireland are imprisoned or driven from their country; or diverted from any great public service except the endeavor to establish in their country that right of self-determination for which our rulers have been so lavish of British lives in distant lands. We are holding Ireland by exactly the same means as the Tsar and the Kaiser used to hold Poland and the other races which we have delivered. To the heart-sickness and



lowering rage of the people there are but two outlets—words and assassination. Weekly organs of Irish patriotism multiply in Dublin. Political assassinations continue there and in the country. The assassins are condemned, and undetected. The papers are, with one exception, Sinn Fein. The exception advocates nothing less than the "Dominion."

The general attitude towards English proposals of devolution, federation, and the rest is expressed by a sentence in "New Ireland": "Damn your favors, we want our country." Sinn Feiners (the great majority of the people) take little notice of such schemes. They regard with suspicion the "Times" scheme, from which one hoped so much till it appeared. This elaborate system of vetoes; this jerry-mandering of constituencies so as to ensure a Unionist majority throughout Ulster; this vague promise of a Central Parliament "if and when"; this Central Parliament to consist of selected delegates and special representatives giving Ulster an equal number of members with all the rest of Ireland; this partition of a country inevitably one; this inclusion of all nine counties in a separated Ulster, whereas in the last election five out of the nine voted Anti-Unionist; and, finally, this proposal to retain Irish representation in Westminster—what is it all, they ask, but one more trap to maintain the Anti-National ascendancy as it has been maintained through all the centuries of wrong? Mr. Erskine Childers says even the present Home Rule Act is better. Arthur Griffith, the editor of "Nationality," says "the thing is too absurd for discussion."

On those lines there is no way out. No representation in Westminster need be thought of, for hardly a representative would go. No scheme involving partition will be recognized or worked. Mr. Lloyd George's despairing theory of "Two Nations" is vehemently rejected—more vehemently than I should have expected—even among Protestants and Ulstermen. A literature has appeared to establish the identity of race as of interest. The "Two Nations" theory is traced to the machinations of Mr. Balfour and other English politicians, or to the Old Testament sermonizing of Belfast Presbyterians.

It was only in February last year that Mr. Lloyd George wrote to Sir Horace Plunkett that "the only hope of agreement lies in a solution which on the one side provides for the unity of Ireland under a single legislature." The vast majority of Irish people believe that still. The few Irishmen who think of partition at all ask for "County Option," being convinced that only two counties at most would vote themselves out, and that even their union with the rest of Ireland would not be long delayed.

Besides the "Times" scheme, the only definite attempt at compromise before the country now is "Dominion." Those who remember how wildly advanced such a proposal would have appeared forty, twenty, or even ten years ago may feel some disappointment at the coldness with which it is now regarded. "Nothing but an independent Republic!" says Sinn Fein. "Why bother about schemes when we have a Republic already?" say some, trying in vain to overlook the presence of the British Army, the British law, and the British tax-collector. "We would rather become an additional State of the United States," say a few, chiefly, I think, to annoy, because they hope it teases. As an Englishman, conscious that our race is not suicidal, I believe the chief difficulty of Dominion would be defence. If there were a League of Nations, why, then—! But not all the wisdom of Lord Grey and Lord Robert Cecil has persuaded the Governments to act as though the League could be a reality. In case of war, then, between England and America or France, how would a Dominion of Ireland (and consequently England herself) be defended? To support an adequate Army and Navy on her own would be an intolerable drain. If Ireland made no contribution for common defence, the English people would naturally protest. But in the country's present mood, no Irish Parliament would vote a money contribution for an English war, or grant any considerable force of men or ships. The difficulty may

appear greater in the case of a separate Irish Republic, and it might well be almost as great. An advantage would be that, as sometimes happens in cases of "judicial separation," the incompatibility of temper might grow less apparent, the memory of old times might become a bond rather than a severance and mutual sympathy in misfortune might arouse a certain esteem. But still it is possible that "Dominion" would work.

Dominion, Republic, or whatever may come, one thing is necessary, and that is a change of mood. If the Irish people as a whole were at last convinced that the English as a whole were inspired by a sense of justice towards them; if our action could at last convince them of our good faith; if they could be brought to believe that our talk of freedom for small nationalities concerned our close neighbor as much as far-off Czechs; if they saw that their bitterest enemies were not necessarily excused and promoted after actions such as bring their own champions to the gaol; if, finally, they were released from weariness and exasperation; then the mood might change. Ardent Irishmen tell me it would change at once. As a cautious Englishman, I reflect how lasting is the memory of the past. But let us give a generation for the change to be effected. Our poverty, if not our will, seems likely to exclude the possibility of another great war for the next twenty-five years, and if by that time the mood of Ireland has changed into the friendliness natural between two free and independent peoples, associated by so many ties of blood, so many common interests, and even by a language habitually used in their intercourse, our present difficulties of defence will, at all events, not be increased. For to have a friendly or even a neutral island at our side would at least be better than to have a hostile and exasperated island requiring a garrison of 70,000 or 80,000 soldiers to keep it "quiet." We await the statesman and the party capable of winning the gratitude of two separate but kindred nations by accomplishing so great a service, so exhilarating a change.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Dublin.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE "Times's" attacks on the Prime Minister continue, and are conducted with great skill. Every day some new battery is unmasked, and as the Georgian line abounds in vulnerable points, the marker is able to record a good many hits. That is good journalism; but no mere vendetta can overthrow a Government. Mr. George's weakness lies in the fact that behind the *débris* of his popularity as a Man of War is growing up a solid belief in his futility as a Minister of Peace. His Government has got what Lord Robert Cecil calls the "war mind," and "got it ineradicably." And war, being a kind of commandment to the people to live irrationally, the call to reason becomes peremptory as men see what a wreck it has made of their intelligence. Mr. George does not live in that kind of thoughtful world at all. He is out of it; and the fitful wildness of these terrible years has left a special mark on him because his peculiar personality is sensitive to such influences. "Get on with the war; let everything else go," has been his motto. Well, a good deal has gone for ever. But Mr. George cannot reverse his mental processes. He still extemporizes, when he ought to be composing. He is for "stunts," and the country is sick of "stunts." He lives in phrases and headlines, and it is evident that phrases and headlines do not help.

As soon, therefore, as his unsuitability impresses itself sufficiently on the men who can displace him, it would seem as if he must go. But that does not follow. There might be a worse thing even than a popular and

bad George Government. That would be an unpopular and obviously incapable one, with no likely or possible successor. Could anything then save the country? The Ministry might be violently assailed, and retorting with violence on an undisciplined or a tactless resistance, bring about complete confusion or government by soldiers and reactionists. Mr. Churchill is just the man to land his chief in such a pass. But there is an alternative. When one-man power becomes a danger, public-spirited men combine to destroy it. And combine they must. We are not living in the old duelling days of Gladstone and Disraeli when you could guess the next Government as nearly as you can foretell the weather in the Sahara; but through a hard testing time for the characters of a great number of leading men. Who'll destroy this rotten Government and bid for governing Great Britain aright? Who'll train himself for the job? Who'll give up his ease or his property to do it? Who'll combine with his fellows, explore their minds, frame a common policy, address himself with them to the tremendous problem of social appeasement and reorganization? That is the question. There ought to be continual meetings between Opposition statesmen of varying types and of all the leading parties, including, of course, Labor. But I have not heard of any such concerted action and thinking.

MEANWHILE, nothing like precedent. Sidmouth governed the England that fought the Great War by the Six Acts. Mr. George proposes to rule the England of the Greater War by the help of Dora, *lettres de cachet* and all. As far as one can judge, the Bill enables the Government to deal pretty well as it pleases with the person, property, and political opinions of anybody whom it dislikes or who takes a dislike to it. He can be shut up without trial. If he is a printer, his house of business can be entered by the police, his "formes" smashed, and his property confiscated or shut up. He need not do anything in particular. He has only to be suspected by somebody (say a spy) of wanting to do something. Or, again, he may have a restless or irregular mind, which inclines him to the vanity of public meetings or walking in the wrong kind of procession. Even an attitude of perfect State-meekness will not save him. For the State may want his house for quartering soldiers in, or, though not wanting his shop, may disapprove of his particular fancy in retail trading. There are a few other disabilities, eminently calculated to soothe trade unionists, promote a Christian feeling towards the Government, and satisfy any lingering doubts that the war was won for democracy.

WHEN and how will the first step be taken in the organization of peace? Its friends hope that it will be taken soon. The first meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations is to be in Washington, it is hoped in November. But nothing seems fixed as to time, and if a long interval is to occur, to be employed in drawing up an elaborate agenda, the gathering may not take place before 1920. Surely that is undesirable. It is more important to get the Assembly into being, and in open debate, than to construct a platform for it to stand on. That it can do for itself, as the state of the world comes under review, its most urgent needs appear, and its public opinion finds a centre and a means of expression. Therefore, let us all pray for an early convocation of the Assembly.

I SUPPOSE £580,000 to the Generals is quite right, or at least quite customary, and that we must regard it much in the spirit in which, in "The Little Visitors,"

the butler hands the sandwiches to the departing Mr. Salteena, and answers his thanks with the austere remark, "It's not kind, sir; it's only usual." The practice "dates" from the great Marlborough, most eminent of war-profiteers, and no British war, big or little, seems complete without it. What is really exciting is to follow the process by which each degree of war-merit attains its precise cash value. Thus (to take the most intriguing of these sums) it would seem that Sir Henry Wilson and Sir William Robertson both go exactly ten times into Sir Douglas Haig and Sir David Beatty, and five times into Lord French and Lord Jellicoe, and only one and a half into Sir Maurice Hankey. Sir Maurice's £25,000 seems to introduce a qualitative no less than a quantitative difficulty. Indeed, it is a little hard to account for him at all in such company. It is more as if a Secretary-bird had been inadvertently introduced into a pen of game-cocks.

MEN view the industrial trouble with different eyes according to their temperament and their personal experience. I record without comment one or two recent conversations with employers. Some are in despair. "I've given up running my business," said one such pessimist, "I let it run itself. I cannot govern the workmen. They address me in terms which make good relations impossible." Another, rather more hopeful, finds it hard to conduct even a limited experiment in joint management, coupled with the regular investigation of profits by workmen in the interest of their fellow-workers. "The delegates are not trusted. After a little experience of their job, they are suspected of being on the master's side, and are replaced. The result is that the men's representatives never acquire the detailed knowledge that they want." This is one strain of complaint. Another is the falling off in workmanship and industry. One employer spoke of men who used to put in a full week's work now contenting themselves with two or three days of fair application. Again, these experiences seem to be outside the knowledge of many who have large dealings with workmen and see no particular falling off in their work, have established Committees, which function very well, and do not suffer from any unfriendly relationship.

I MAY record another and a much more decisive judgment, which was given out to me as the result of a pretty long and intimate experience of a famous department of war service. Here most of the rules and traditions of "business" were either ignored or reversed. One of them was the "business man's" craving to answer his letters by return of post. My friend was told that that was not the custom of the place. No one expected an answer for a day or so, or more. Besides, they had to go the rounds, from this branch of the Circumlocution Office to that. Now and then some trifling inconvenience or loss to the public (such as a strike of some hundreds of workers) occurred, but that was mended in time, and no great harm done. No one, of course, must be dismissed for incompetence or neglect, or any little failing of intelligence or tact. He (or she) would simply be "transferred." No one, again, seemed particularly to want to do anything, if somebody else (in another office) could be got to do it and take the responsibility. A special block of incompetence might now and then be established in the office as the result of one gentleman (or lady) introducing his (or her) second cousin, or deceased husband's or wife's sister into an unduly enlarged family party of public servants, but as we had won the war, it might be presumed that, in the long



run, we got together the kind of talent best suited to the job. On the whole my friend was disposed to be a little censorious and sarcastic. But I remembered that he had worked for nothing. I don't think he even rose to be an O.B.E.

The admirers of "Eminent Victorians" will be glad to hear that Mr. Strachey is engaged on the life of the most eminent of them all. I mean, of course, Queen Victoria. The theme is well suited to Mr. Strachey's pen, and the excursus on Dr. Arnold seems a specially fitting preparation for it. Queen Victoria was rather like Dr. Arnold.

Now that we are living on paper money, it is interesting to remember that the world was doing much the same thing 130 years ago. Take this reminiscence of Goethe in his "Conversations with Eckermann." Goethe was speaking of his "small confidence in paper currency," and to illustrate it told a story of Grimm, about the time of the French Revolution:—

"We were one day dining at Grimm's," said Goethe. "I know not now how the conversation led to it, but Grimm said: 'I wager that no monarch in Europe possesses so costly a pair of ruffles as I do; and that no one has paid so high a price as I have.' You may imagine that we loudly expressed incredulous astonishment, particularly the ladies, and that we were all very curious to see so wonderful a pair of ruffles. Grimm rose accordingly, and brought from his press a pair of lace ruffles of such beauty that we all burst into loud admiration. We endeavored to set a price upon them, but still we could not value them more highly than at about a hundred or two hundred louis d'or. Grimm laughed, and exclaimed: 'You are very far from the mark; I paid twice a hundred and fifty thousand francs, and was lucky in laying out my assignats so well. The next day they were not worth a groschen!'"

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### UNLOCKING THE HEART OF GENIUS.

"The less Shakespeare he!" So exclaimed Browning in defiance of Wordsworth's statement that Shakespeare had in his sonnets "unlocked his heart." Men of genius, with a modesty that is reinforced by vanity, have often shown a similar excess of indignation at the idea that any of their caste should be thought to have revealed their hearts, or even been shown to possess any hearts to reveal. The camp-followers and self-appointed bodyguards of individual persons of genius are liable to be thrown into a state of fury when this is achieved, or even attempted, for their own particular deity. Some of us can still remember the outburst of shocked hero-worship with which Sir James Crichton-Browne received Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, or, more recently, Miss May Sinclair's elaborate defence of Charlotte Brontë's prim respectability against the penetrating insight of Angus Mackay and one or two others. We know now that Carlyle was justified of the biographer he had himself chosen, and Miss May Sinclair's arguments were scarcely published before the keen and sympathetic intuition of Angus Mackay was at length made clear by the discovery of Charlotte Brontë's letters to M. Heger.

The world in general, which needs all the spiritual nourishment that genius can give, has not been greatly troubled by the outcries of such perverse champions of genius. It has always received the revelation of the heart of the man of genius as it receives the revelation of his art, with a shudder at first and then with everlasting thankfulness. How should it be otherwise? The tasks of life are hard for the best of us—the harder, indeed, the better we are—and we must needs be endlessly grateful to those, our more splendid fellow-men, who aid us in the achievement of these tasks, or console us for our failure to achieve them. It is inevitable, and it is natural, that we should desire to know what were

the secret experiences that gave these, as it seems, privileged persons the power to help us, for in learning those secrets their power over us becomes more potent, since our sympathy is henceforth more intimate. Thus it is that we no longer find profit in treating Shakespeare, after the manner of August von Schlegel, as a demi-god; he has become for us a human being whose experiences we seek, however tentatively, to divine, and Brandes, following the clues of various English pioneers, has taken the place of Schlegel as the typical Shakespearean commentator. With men long since dead these attempts can seldom be more than tentative, and when, as happens by a rare chance, they are made by those who were in a position to achieve triumphant success our gratitude is often long in purifying itself from a tinge of contempt for men to whom we owe so much. Boswell seemed a hero-worshipping simpleton before his consummate art was recognized, and the exquisite art of Eckermann has never been recognized even yet.

It is not, therefore, surprising that a strong taint of disgust still clings to the most recent, the most daring, and certainly the most hazardous, group of attempts to unlock the heart of genius. There has, indeed, from the first, in the eyes of most people, been something unpleasant in the theories of psycho-analysis, even when applied to the ordinary population, and it is natural they should seem still more offensive when applied to genius. Thus, though Freud and his immediate disciples have made numerous psycho-analytic studies of genius, there have been few attempts in English. Some interest, therefore, attaches to Mr. Albert Mordell's recent book, "The Erotic Motive in Literature."\*

There is much in Mr. Mordell's book which is likely to confirm the worst opinions of the opponents of psycho-analysis. Even the sympathetic critic of Freud has to admit that he is apt to confuse a possibility with a probability, and that when the particular fact really is clear he will often generalize it unduly. In his followers these tendencies sometimes become habits, which it can scarcely be said Mr. Mordell has always escaped, even though he tells us that he has maintained a double guard over himself so as not to cross the danger line. Pascal, A'Kempis, and Bunyan, he tells us, were neurotics, who, "no doubt," by repressed love, were rendered religious maniacs. Every sufferer in literature, he declares comprehensively on the next page—Werther, Anna Karenina, Hedda Gabler, and the rest—is a partly or fully developed case of neurosis, with, at least, emotional disturbance due to sex causes. Such random and unsupported statements, familiar as they now are in psycho-analytic writings, must not, however, induce us to throw Mr. Mordell's book aside. There is more in it than these scraps of routine doctrine from the school. Mr. Mordell's scholarship, which is considerable, was not got up to prove a psycho-pathological thesis. He was a sympathetic, penetrating, and original student of literature long before he ever heard of Freud. Indeed, he regards psycho-analysis itself as much older than Freud. In Swift, in Johnson, in Sainte-Beuve, in Lamb, in Taine, he finds that profound insight into human nature of which psycho-analysis is merely a modern and specialized form.

It is, we see, in the sane and broad sense that, on the whole, Mr. Mordell understands psycho-analysis. He realizes that, in a sense, literature is more real and eternal than life itself; the man of genius speaks out of an inmost soul of humanity that in life is buried and unseen. The world he builds up is the very opposite of that in which he was constrained to dwell. The day-dream is the beginning of literary creation, and, as we know, the day-dream is moulded by plastic forces which reside in the unconscious sphere, so that what has been repressed from the artist's life, or never been able to enter life, becomes transformed and emerges in radiant images of immortal beauty. Psycho-analysis thus becomes, as Mr. Mordell sees it, the justification of genius. It enables us to see through the discredited doctrine that genius is merely a form of degeneracy or insanity. There are, without the possibility of doubt, elements of neurosis

\* "The Erotic Motive in Literature," by Albert Mordell. (New York: Boni and Liveright.)

commonly present in genius; the process of genius is with difficulty conceivable without them; literature is, indeed, "largely a record of the anxieties and hysterias of humanity." They are simply another aspect of what to the psycho-analyst are the repressions dating from an infantile age. It is in the ennobling transmutation of these that genius consists; and the great thinker tells how they may be avoided, and the great humanitarian shows how they may be conquered, and the great artist liberates us by converting them into loveliness. Mr. Mordell finds that men of genius have nothing to lose by this method of study; on the contrary, we are enabled to appreciate their work better, and by gaining a more sympathetic insight into their minds we may even acquire a higher esteem for their personal characters; in this connection he especially mentions Byron and Poe.

As the title of his book indicates, and as we should expect in an adherent of Freud's main doctrines, Mr. Mordell deals largely with the nature of the individual author's love-life as influential in conditioning the nature of his work. But his wide knowledge of literary history and the broad conception of psycho-analysis which he has adopted enable him to select for detailed study only such examples as fairly lend themselves to his method. Thus, when discussing Renan, in connection with the thesis that a writer puts himself into his work far more than he knows, the author effectively points out how Renan's "Life of Jesus" is really a life of Renan himself, and that when it is compared with Renan's autobiography, a close resemblance is found between his own qualities and those which he attributes to the Jesus of his creation. Not, indeed, as Mr. Mordell is well aware, that an author puts only the best of himself into his work; it is not only his imperfectly realized aspirations towards an impossible best which he thus unconsciously embodies, but also the more possible worst which, with equal unconsciousness, he struggles by expressing it to overcome. Even the Devil is simply the symbolization of our Unconscious, the struggling emergence of hidden primitive desires, the eruption of forbidden thoughts. It is because he has his home in dreams that he has so mightily interested mankind. The fascination of the villain everywhere in literature, indeed, is due to the recognition in him of "a long-forgotten brother." Raskolnikoff, Julian Sorel, George Aurispa, as Mr. Mordell observes, were drawn out of their creators' own natures. "I too might have been this," was the thought behind the minds of Dostoevsky, of Stendhal, of D'Annunzio. If it were not so the artist's creations would largely lose their—in the Aristotelian sense—cathartic virtue over us.

Cowper, Keats, Shelley, Browning, Whitman, Poe, Lafcadio Hearn, and other famous artists are reviewed by the author in the psycho-analytic spirit, from one point or another. Sometimes the dominating emotional attraction of the mother is shown as in Cowper, or sublimated infantilism as in Whitman, or transformed eroticism as in Wordsworth, or sexual symbolism as in Browning, or unfulfilled desire as in Keats, or the perpetual haunting presence of death as in Poe, the lover of so many women who died young. As these attempts to analyze genius are brought before us, sometimes, it may be, with a shock of surprise, we yet learn to feel a deeper pity and sympathy. The poets who have survived, we realize, have been the most personal poets. Every truly great man of letters, novelist as well as poet, even by virtue of his art, must wear his heart on his sleeve. There is no great book in the world of which it cannot be said, as Whitman said of his: "Whoso touches this book touches a man."

Psycho-analysis helps to make clear how the man of genius, even in the supreme achievements of his art, is yet moulding that art out of the stuff of all our souls. It is the plastic force which in the artist is greater, and not the substance moulded which is necessarily either superior or different. In seeing that, we realize, also, why it is that genius makes so intimate an appeal to us, why it enlarges and liberates us, why it purifies us from secret stains, why it imparts to us new powers. It is in our own souls that its dramas are played out. If the great poets of the world had not unlocked their own hearts they

could not unlock ours. If they had not revealed our own suppressed desires, the Bibles of humanity would have no message of salvation.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

### NATURE AND MAN.

In one of William James's books occurs the following:—

"The inner need of believing that this world of nature is a sign of something more spiritual and eternal than itself is just as strong and authoritative in those who feel it as the inner need of uniform law of causation ever can be in a professionally scientific head. The toil of many generations has proved the latter need prophetic. Why may not the former be prophetic too? . . . The bare assurance that this natural order is not ultimate, but a sign or vision, the external staging of a many-storied universe, in which spiritual forces have the last word and are eternal—this bare assurance is enough to make life seem worth living in spite of every contrary presumption suggested by its circumstances on the natural plane. Destroy this inner assurance, vague as it is, and all the light and radiance of existence are extinguished at a stroke."

A book ("Animal Life and Human Progress," edited by Arthur Dendy, Constable), has just been written by a kind of symposium of scientists, which goes some way towards supporting that "inner assurance" by parading those very "circumstances on the natural plane" which have been presumed so long to deny it. In the past science and mysticism have been natural enemies, so much so that their hostility has been taken for granted, with the consequence of a good deal of sentimentalism on the one hand and of pedantry on the other. But when science steps out of its laboratories and museums to prove by knowledge that the mystic was right in his intuitions, when science itself becomes suffused with mysticism—then man truly asserts his sovereignty and advances towards a closer understanding of the nature of things.

As yet the verdict is by no means conclusive. Prof. Dendy's book only deals with zoological problems, and a total estimate of it leaves a contradictory impression. In the medical, chemical, and physical sciences—vivisection, for instance—morality and art are at odds with science and the truth is not yet. What we can say, after reading "Animal Life and Human Progress," is that the way to discover the truth about life is to see that they *do* all go together, and when they do, to have faith in and act up to the results. Thus, the task of science is to demonstrate by all the evidence available the practical importance of imaginative vision for the life of man, now and in the future. This is the way to get rid of the notion of man as a "second-rate demon" on a "third or fourth-rate earth," and of the illusion, responsible for so much misery and confusion, that fact and speculation, the abstract and the concrete, practical existence and idealism, use and beauty, Nature and Man, are pitiless foemen.

Now the first problem that confronts the seeker after truth, the truth both of man and of nature, is the destructiveness of modern man himself, upon himself, and upon nature. Is man justified of his destructiveness either by the laws of the universe or of his own being? Science and art have concluded beyond doubt that the two are inseparable, so that if the "red in tooth and claw" theory rests upon an unassailable basis, the spiritual negation of man must follow. Darkness encompasses us; out of darkness we come, and into darkness we go. If we drive the spirit out of the universe, we drive it out of ourselves. If the world of nature is only a competitive shambles, then the ideals which we have set up of force, wealth, empire, violence, conquest, and greed of power, are merely symbolic children of nature. The Holy Spirit descended upon man in the likeness of a dove, but a peregrine swooped from the clouds and struck it down. As man goes through the living galleries of nature, a utilitarian oaf, slicing the pictures and smashing the statues, the director and artist of them all herself closes his mind and directs his arm. Let us quote the words of Mr. W. H. Hudson, since he combines the artist and



the scientist within his own personality more perfectly than any other living man:—

"Above all others we should protect and hold sacred those types, Nature's masterpieces, which are first singled out for destruction on account of their size, or splendor, or rarity, and that false, detestable glory which is accorded to their most successful slayers. Like immortal flowers they have drifted down to us in the ocean of time, and their strangeness and beauty bring to our imaginations a dream and a picture of that unknown world, immeasurably far removed, when man was not; and, when they perish, something of gladness goes out from Nature, and the sunshine loses something of its brightness. The species now being exterminated all over the globe are untouched by decadence. They are links in a chain, and branches on the tree of life . . . and, but for our action, they would continue to flourish, reaching outwards to an equally distant future, blossoming into higher and more beautiful forms, and gladdening innumerable generations of our descendants. But we think nothing of all this; we must give full scope to our passion for taking life, though by so doing we 'ruin the great work of time,' not in the sense in which the poet used those words, but in one truer and wider and infinitely sadder. . . . If they (posterity) remember us at all, it will be only to hate our memory and our age—this enlightened, scientific, humanitarian age, which should have for a motto, 'Let us slay all noble and beautiful things, for to-morrow we die.'"

But, we are told, this is decorative sentiment. Man, the most powerful of the beasts of prey, is entitled to prey upon other species, just as they are entitled to prey upon their extinct competitors. Nature desires to preserve, evolve, and perpetuate, not life, but the highest forms of life, not merely mankind, but the type of man best fitted to survive. Man is justified in taking what liberties he pleases both with the universe and his own species, provided that he can so accomplish his destiny. For thus nature accomplishes hers.

Well, he cannot, and nature does not, and that is now the plain word of science. Let us see what data there were for combating this false interpretation of the struggle for existence outside the moral and artistic revulsion from it, and before the arguments in "Animal Life and Human Progress" had found expression. In the first place, the law of the survival of the fittest does not mean the survival of the coarsest and least sensitive types, but the reverse, since the more delicate and highly organized the species, the readier it will adapt itself to existing and changing conditions. Natural Selection works by free will and variation and is in itself a triumph of personality. A species survives, or a new species is evolved, by the choice, the initiative, the independence, the freedom of its members, so long as they are not egoistic, or, in other words, are compatible with the complex, mutual relations of all organic beings to one another. Natural Selection again, being the continuous effort to respond to opportunity, is a continuous progress and improvement and if injurious (both morally and physically) to the balance and economy of nature would have resulted in the extinction of the species preserved. Natural life, again, achieves survival value directly by co-operation both of the faculties of individuals and of the individuals of a group and only indirectly by competition. The competitor who lags is the competitor who cannot co-operate.

Then, again, how profoundly is the system of natural selection being modified by man, acting in apparent obedience to nature's laws! His reading of those laws is everywhere displacing nature's subtle and infinite adjustments, overbearing her adaptations, upsetting her balance, and dispersing her economy. In nature, rarity is due to unfavorable conditions of life. We have artificially produced rarity in favorable circumstances and the process can only end, and is actually ending, by the displacement of the higher by the lower organisms. The war has taught us that unless we can find a way of living on good terms with our neighbors, of applying the dreamer's goodwill to practical politics and developing it in action, the human race must perish from the earth. But it is precisely the same with the natural world. It will be very ill for us if we do not weigh these significant words of Professor Thomson: "Perhaps six years without birds would serve to bring our whole system of animate Nature

to an end." And he shows in illustration after illustration how our thoughtless, ignorant and brutal tearing of the intricate web of life reacts distastefully upon us. Upon the assumption that the cormorants were spoiling the fishing of the Murray River they were massacred in thousands. The fishing grew worse. "It was then discovered that the cormorants fed largely on crabs, eels, and some other creatures which devour the spawn and fry of the desirable fishes." Darwin's example of cat and clover is one of a general and minutely sub-divided law:

"If we are to control Nature, we must first know and then respect the intricacy of the web of life. By ignoring or defying it, man has brought much trouble upon the earth. . . . Pressing hard and inconsiderately to a practical end may mean temporary victory and final defeat. Nothing lives or dies to itself. It is not the first or the second consequences that count, but the sum of consequences. . . . For while we are part of the great *Systema Naturæ*, bound to it by linkages which we have been considering, we are also a Kingdom among ourselves, bound together in mutual dependence and influence in infinitely complex ways. We should try to acquire as a habit of mind the vision of the web of life."

It is a sign of hope for the future when the colleague of Professor Geddes shows us that science is not any the less science for being religion as well.

But still the thesis of Darwin at the end of the "Origin of Species" seems to overpower all our efforts to reveal the spirit in the facts of life. Even though the "Struggle for Existence" must end, as we now see, in death and despair, still those words, heavy with spiritual defeat, confront us: "Thus, from the War of Nature, from famine and death, the most exalted product which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows." We cannot twist these words away from their meaning—destroy thy neighbor that thy days may be long in the land which the struggle for existence giveth thee. They are an endorsement of the malignant gospel, "This is all mine—you shan't have any of it" enshrined in the green and brick temples of modern commerce and ancient nature. But the philosophies of life are subject to evolution no less than their material. As Professor Gilbert Bourne shows, Darwin derived this doctrine primarily from Malthus, directing a principle of sociology to a zoological problem. "We must," he says, "ruefully admit, for past history and present circumstances force the admission, that man does compete bitterly and to the death with his own kind. But this fratricidal war is not so evident—I doubt whether it exists to any great extent—in the animal world." We have no space to discuss his evidence in detail, but his conclusion that the sacrifice of individuals for the benefit of the race, falls chiefly on the young and scarcely sentient forms (owing to the increased prolificacy of the species most preyed upon), and that even the adults do not apprehend death, feel no acute pain, and are mercifully endowed with short memories, is now accepted by most zoologists. In other words, the "struggle for existence" among the animals at once intensifies life, and makes a violent death practically synonymous with a natural one. To apply the wrongly interpreted doctrine of the struggle to man, where "the well-being of a nation is not collective, but the sum of the individual happiness or the misery of the individuals composing it," is not only a misfit, but a violation of nature's law. Evolution is light gradually encroaching upon a sensitive surface, until the radiant guest enters the house of life.

Professor Wood Jones brings a destructive criticism to bear upon the same problem from a different angle. Multiserial, not uniserial, evolution, he shows, is the order of development. A race, or a species, rapidly advances in the direction open to it, and having reached its peculiar stage of specialization, dies out *without successors*. Thus, the Ammonites became extinct through over-elaboration. The Huxley-Hæckel theory of man's order of descent—from the anthropoids, as they from the monkeys, as they from the lemurs, as they from a lower primate mammal—ignores the differences in comparative anatomy and underlines the likenesses. But the facts in their proportion point rather to our descent from Tarsius, a species between lemurs and monkeys, and

among the lower order of the Primates. The anthropoids, that is to say, are not our ancestors, but our collaterals. Man is an animal of immense antiquity upon the earth, who has dominated it "almost entirely by cerebral advance," and not through the selection of chance variations. He is distinguished from his fellow Primates by the qualities of his mind, not for a recent and laborious climb out of the ape, "bred of a struggle for existence upon brutish lines"—the exploded scientific excuse for what Professor Dendy calls "the gross materialism of the present age." Let us learn of our immensely remote past, and beware of what befell the giant reptiles of the secondary period, who, from the over-elaboration "of brute strength and bodily armor on an enormous scale," the "huge motor mechanism of bone and muscle" perished utterly from the earth. Their mightiness, their brutishness, their will to power, backed up by armament was "unleavened by any gleam of intelligence." "The case of mankind to-day is still mechanism very imperfectly controlled by any higher faculty." If we have gone too far it will be some "unspecialized offshoot of the human race" which will build civilization anew. But there is always hope for the present one, in which science joins with religion and art to declare that man shall not live by bread alone, for if he does he shall not have even bread.

#### THE EPHEMERIDES.

In the catalogue of our vast Museum Library there used to be, and perhaps still are, several huge volumes entitled "Ephemerides." It was a queer device of some old Librarian to collect and catalogue under that heading the masses of magazines, tracts, pamphlets, and flyleaves which time had washed up against the shelves. We suppose he meant that writing of that kind has only "an ephemeral interest." Like the Mayflies, gnats, and midges which dance above a stream or marsh, those tracts and pamphlets live but for a day. He may have smiled in his labor, glad that tracts and pamphlets live no longer, and classing them with the gnats and midges for which no mortal wishes longer life. So there upon the shelves the pamphlets lie, rapidly accumulating, like the tabulated corpses of insects in an entomologist's cabinets—all the more rapidly, we suppose, during these times of war and tumult, unless, indeed, D.O.R.A. has trampled them down.

Among the Ephemerides, newspapers are naturally included, for, like the lilies and grass of the field, they to-day are, and to-morrow are cast into the oven. Every journalist as he writes feels that he is a child again, doing sums or dictation on a slate that will be wiped clean in the evening—mistakes, right answers, and all—so that he may start fresh upon his mistakes and right answers to-morrow. But besides tracts, pamphlets, and newspapers, we recognize another kind of "printed matter" which may be classed among the Ephemerides, though the Museum catalogue scatters them all about. Think of our railway bookstalls and those innumerable volumes whose alluring covers display men and women kissing, riding, or discharging fire-arms! Is not their life also ephemeral, like the Mayflies or the lilies and grass of the field? As the trout swallows the Mayfly, and the cow licks up the grass, so there is a species of human being that gulps those volumes, and their place knows them no more. How long their day may be, the authors and publishers alone may guess, but it must be short, for they reproduce themselves in such multitude that a life even of a week would surely flood the platforms. Before the war we used to be told that a good gulper could feed on six new volumes every day—one for each bourgeois meal, and one over for the bedside. During the war they were not rationed, and the consumption, we believe, rapidly increased. The demand probably suffers now from the general rise in the price of provisions, and the supply is perhaps not what it was. Authors have not struck officially, but like other purveyors of necessities they feel a disinclination to work.

We believe that of these purveyors Nat Gould, who unfortunately, for his customers lately died, was the acknowledged king. In the way of sale, his wares

surpassed all others upon the bookstall market. To millions they were the bread of mental life. We have heard that men at the front, yearning for "a bit of a read," would ask for Nat Gould, and, in default of him, would go empty away to sit brooding in the monotonous dug-out scornfully disdaining the allurements of Charles Garvice, Florence Barclay, or even Marie Corelli. We have heard that a newspaper purchasing the serial rights of one of his stories could promise itself an increased circulation of 100,000 a day, no matter what its politics or its principles. We suppose that since the world began few writers have written so many books as Nat Gould, and not a single man, woman, or the latest thing in children has sold anything like the number. It was not a perfection in style that triumphed. His grammar was queer. If his horses had run like his sentences, there would have been no race. He displayed no profound insight into psychology. We believe that in his hundred and twenty novels there was little variety except that the names of the horses were usually different. Why then should he have so far surpassed his equals among writers? We suppose he won upon his choice of subject, for it was a subject he could not ride to death.

Deep in the heart of the English-speaking blood runs the love of sport, especially the sport of horse-racing. Football runs second; politics a bad third; and all the rest nowhere. For love of that sport, the clerk who has never touched a horse opens his paper at the betting news; the miner follows, point by point, the career of young animals which he is less likely to see than the white horse in Revelations. Moralists say the attraction lies in the sin of betting, and the hope of making money without working for it. We need not believe them. The attraction lies in racing for its own sake, just as artists used to follow art for the sake of art. And as for making money without working for it, the labor of all Pelmanism can be nothing compared with the labor involved in a Yorkshire mill-hand's knowledge of racers. To the average English mind, there is nothing so exhilarating, nothing that elevates the soul so far above its ordinary level as a horse-race. Nat Gould saw, and plunged, and conquered.

It was a great success, but while we recognize and compliment success, we are obliged to crown the author King of the Ephemerides alone. There are thousands of writers who have a vogue only less enviable than his, and yet whose writings pass over the surface of the world leaving no trace behind. Useful and refreshing their books may be, but soon, "like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two," they are gone. The life even of books which the intellectual call good is short. They are hurried away by hungry generations claiming also their little space of life, and the leaves of spring's publishing season hardly survive till the autumn crocus takes their room. They are swept away into the heaps of "secondhand," or serve as pulpy leaf-mould for the fertilization of their successors. A man's oblivion is not so quick. Or we may compare them with gallant ships that gaily put to sea, but "spurlös versunken" is their epitaph at Lloyd's.

And yet there is a kind of book which seems to cut deep into life and leave its mark, like an ancient dyke or the chasm of an earthquake. Lord Morley once spoke of books which are acts. As instances he gave, if we remember, Tom Paine's "Common Sense" and Calvin's "Institutions of the Christian Religion"—instances which would not have occurred to the ignorant. But we think he mentioned also the "Social Contract" of Rousseau, and in that we should all agree. Few but scholars or philosophers may now read these books that are acts. Very likely their circulation from their appearance up to now would not approach the numbers of any five among Nat Gould's stories of horse-races. But they live because the life of some country, or perhaps of Europe, or perhaps of the two hemispheres would be different without them. Some, like Kant's "Kritik" or Darwin's "Origin of Species," by mere knowledge and speculation have influenced the general aspect of the world, and the course of human action. Others, like Swift's or Voltaire's, by savage or lambent indignation have wrought a similar effect. Others, again, like Plato's, have worked through the purer light of irony



and benignant meditation; and there are books in the Bible which, we suppose, have exercised more influence upon human action than anything else ever written—or at least upon the professed principles of human action. But there is no need to attempt a list; so many instances will occur to every mind. In the last century alone, we need but recall the names of Newman, Carlyle, Ruskin, Marx, and Tolstoy. Even apart from the great scientific writers of that splendid century, there are others whose books were acts, changing the course of mind, bending the public life and secret thought of multitudes.

Such writers have exerted their power upon us by "direct action." The acts of their books have been definite and immediate. They have reserved little time or feeling for anything beyond the proclamation of the truth that burnt within them. The fire kindled; the zeal of the Lord ate them up. But there is another class whose action has been indirect, and remains at least equally lasting. Of this the Greek dramatists remain the supreme type, but let us again confine ourselves to the last century. Dickens only wrote stories, but every child and outcast in Europe should daily bless his soul. Byron only wrote verses, but freedom throughout the world claims him as her champion and child. Wordsworth only wrote verses, but in that passionate mind we still hear, sounding through the holiness of nature, the still, sad music of humanity. Walt Whitman hardly wrote verse, but in that tumultuous outpouring of his spirit what a glory of joy! what release from our trammels! what exhilaration of goodwill! Instances swarm in upon us. Among ourselves, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Meredith, George Eliot—what "messages" they all had, and with what art delivered! And in Europe, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Ibsen—how efficacious has been their work! How deep the furrows they have cut! The influence of their words recalls that well-known scene in which Heine describes a strange figure following him across the Cathedral Square in Cologne. When Heine turned to ask who he was, and what he carried hidden beneath his cloak, the figure replied:—

"I am no antiquated ghost, but quite a practical person, always silent and calm. But I must tell you, the thoughts conceived in your soul—I carry them out, I bring them to pass.

"And though years go by, I take no rest until I transform your thoughts into reality. You think; I act.

"In Rome of ancient days they carried an axe before the Consul. You also have your Lictor, but the axe is carried behind you.

"I am your Lictor, and I walk perpetually behind you with my executioner's axe bare. I am the deed of your thought."

How many a writer, doomed to labor only through the medium of words, which seem so fugitive, must think with joy upon that shadowy figure ever following behind! What pleasure it must be to Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Wells, for instance, now and again to hear that padding footfall, muffled as a policeman's, and now and again to catch the gleam of that effective axe! Such may be the rewards, even in their lifetime, of writers whose works cut deep into the surface of the world. Others there are, we know, whose "message" is not of this world, and behind whose back there follows no Lictor with the axe, but a spirit transfused with beauty and solemn or radiant joy.

## The Drama.

### SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD.

THERE are still people who profess to resent the existence at Stratford-on-Avon of the Memorial Theatre. They might as reasonably resent the existence of human nature on earth. A great deal of foolishness, and some affectation, commingles with all hero-worship; but it is nevertheless an ineradicable instinct in the human heart, and surely not the lowest. So long as, from all parts of the world, people continue to make pilgrimage to the shrine of Shakespeare, it will continue to be natural and reasonable that they should wish to have "subjected to their faithful eyes"—and ears—something of the magic

which has brought them thither. The Memorial Theatre is, in my judgment, a beautiful and appropriate structure: a little too small for practical purposes, but that is very much better than the contrary fault. The desire to make of Stratford an Anglo-Saxon Bayreuth is, in short, a perfectly natural and proper one. In that Reconstruction of Shakespeare which is demanded on every hand, Stratford ought to play a prominent and indispensable part. Why should not the poet's birthplace become, as it were, the central school of Shakespearean acting?

It was some such idea as this that inspired the co-operation between the Governors of the Memorial Theatre and the Committee of the projected National Theatre, which has resulted in the summer festival season at present in progress. It was felt that there was much that was valuable in the Bensonian tradition which has so long been dominant by Avonside, but that it stood in need of a certain rejuvenation. The all-important post of Director was therefore entrusted to Mr. W. Bridges Adams—something of a "dark horse" so far as London is concerned, but favorably known in Bristol and Liverpool as manager of the local Repertory Theatres. After seeing three of the six plays to be presented during the month, I have no hesitation in saying that the selection was a most fortunate one. Working under considerable difficulties both as to time and as to material, Mr. Adams has presented a farce, a romance, and a tragedy in just the right spirit, and in such a way as to make them—what is surely the one thing needful—virile and enjoyable from end to end. There were weak spots here and there in the representation: in a company of some thirty artists, it was not to be expected that all should be talents of the first order. But neither in mounting nor in acting were there any of those errors of taste which so often, in Shakespearean productions, make one writhe and long to rebel. There was no impertinent intrusion of the producer between the poet and his audience, no tedious over-elaboration, no pretentious "intellectuality." Shakespeare was suffered to speak for himself, and to speak rapidly, smoothly and melodiously. The effect sought for and generally attained was that which lay in the words themselves, not in "subtle" pauses between them, nor in interpolated "business" which the poet no doubt ought to have thought of, but didn't. Mr. Adams rightly conceives that the function of the producer is to interpret his author, not to collaborate with him. He is inspired by an artistic chivalry which forbids him to take a mean advantage of the Bard's defencelessness. There was certainly nothing in these productions to perturb the dust that rests hard by, under the chancel-flagstones of Trinity Church. Of how many metropolitan revivals of the past generation can one say as much?

Mr. Adams has the great advantage of being himself something of a designer. The result is that, though tied to the most rigid economy in respect of decorations, he has succeeded in producing a series of really memorable stage-pictures. By the adroit use of curtains, he renders even his front-scenes attractive to the eye; while in several of the full-stage scenes of "The Winter's Tale" and "Julius Caesar" he produces effects which could not be bettered if thousands of pounds were to be spent upon them. This is not a negligible matter. It is too often assumed that the word "repertory" excuses every sort of slovenliness, and that nothing in the way of painted canvas can be too threadbare, too mouldy or too inappropriate to be accepted without a murmur by your true Shakespeare enthusiast. The eye has its rights as well as the ear; nor does one generally find that where the eye is offended, the ear is specially gratified. The stage at the Memorial Theatre always presents a seemly aspect, blossoming, on occasion, into imaginative dignity and beauty.

The opening night was devoted to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," a play which hitherto one has seldom seen with much enjoyment. The tradition is entirely credible which represents it as an improvisation made to order. In the hands of the Stratford company, it came out astonishingly well. They played briskly,

buoyantly, and with infectious enjoyment—so much so that I, for one, felt that I had been unduly prejudiced against the comedy. Falstaff, despite the degrading experiences to which he is subjected, is not entirely unworthy of his name, but comes trailing clouds of glory from "Henry IV.," even if he trails them in the mire. The scenes between him and Ford were quite delectable, and the midnight revel round Herne's Oak struck a note of beauty as well as gaiety that justly enraptured the audience. "The Winter's Tale," a harder problem, was not quite so satisfactorily solved—partly for a reason to be hereafter noted. The trial-scene especially was rather underacted; but the rustic merry-making of the fourth act went delightfully, and the end was very noble and impressive. "Julius Cæsar" was excellent throughout, except that the singularly thin attendance at the senate house rendered the murder scene rather ineffective. Only the conspirators, in fact, were present, and the house might have been "counted out" at any moment. The forum scene, on the other hand, was brilliantly effective, the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius was finely handled, and even the difficult battle-scenes at the end were treated with ingenuity and a touch of beauty.

The company was, very rightly, stronger in teamwork than in virtuosity; but many of the individual performances reached a high level of merit. Mr. Murray Carrington was brilliant as Mr. Ford and as Antony, less satisfactory as Leontes. It is very difficult in this part to avoid running into hysterical extremes, and Mr. Carrington erred on the safer side—that of insufficient excitability. Mr. William Calvert was a judicious and entertaining Falstaff, a rather too heavy Casca. Mr. Basil Rathbone showed remarkable versatility in playing on successive evenings the youthful Florizel, and the austere, eager, middle-aged Cassius. His grace in the one part was as notable as his tense rigidity in the other. Mr. James Dale, a capital Polixenes was a rather light-weight Brutus, but spoke his lines with great discretion. Mr. Harry Caine was equally excellent in Slender and in Autolycus. Miss Florence Glossop Harris was a delightful Mrs. Page, a gracefully elegiac rather than a tragic Hermione, and an effective Portia. Miss Constance Pellissier was pleasant as Mrs. Page. Miss Joyce Carey made an attractive and intelligent Perdita; and Mrs. A. B. Tapping was a jovial Mrs. Quickly.

I have spoken of an influence which militated against the complete success of "The Winter's Tale": it was, to put it briefly, that of Mr. Bernard Shaw. In the current "Fortnightly Review," Mr. Shaw comes out as an irreconcilable opponent of what he admits to be common sense in the treatment of Shakespeare's text; and he has succeeded in inducing Mr. Bridges Adams, against his own better judgment, to retain in the text of "The Winter's Tale" a good deal of inert matter which hampered the actors and allowed, or rather forced, the attention of the audience to wander. Mr. Shaw lays it down as an inflexible rule that, however overgrown the play, however archaic, incomprehensible and possibly corrupt the text, not a line of (or attributed to) Shakespeare must be cut, except on the ground of quite impossible indecency. In "Julius Cæsar," a comparatively short play, Mr. Adams has rigorously adhered to this principle, and cut nothing at all, even consenting to mar the effect of the forum scene by retaining the irrelevant anecdote of the death of Cinna the poet. In "The Winter's Tale" he has cut only 60 lines out of 3,074, most of them on the score of indecency. This means that he retains a good deal of inert matter which, if not absolutely incomprehensible to the student, at any rate conveys no meaning to ninety-nine hearers out of a hundred. Take, for instance, this speech of Polixenes:

"I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance  
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow  
No swaying winds at home, to make us say  
This is put forth too truly: besides, I have stay'd  
To tire your royalty."

The commentators attempt various interpretations of the italicized lines; but the plain fact is that they are meaningless to modern ears, and that to insist on speaking them is solemn foolishness. Not even

Mr. Shaw could inveigle Mr. Adams into retaining this passage:—

"Affection! thy intencion stabs the centre:  
Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?—  
With what's unreal thou co-active art,  
And follow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent  
Thou may'st co-join with something."

As this does not seem to be corrupt, it probably meant something to Shakespeare, and its sense may be conjecturally spelt out; but in the theatre, Leontes might just as well speak Choctaw. Yet, if Mr. Shaw had his way, any producer who ventured to cut these lines would be cashiered for unpardonable vandalism. It is impossible to argue with such wilful unreason; one can only point out that if Mr. Shaw's principle were admitted, not only would Shakespeare be played to empty benches, but the Shakespearean actor would be tutored in insincerity, being forced to pretend to see meaning in things which in truth are mere gibberish to him. If Mr. Bridges Adams is to do justice to his great gifts as a producer, he must make a resolute stand against the mischievous fanaticism which clamors for holus-bolus Shakespeare.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

## Short Studies.

### A CUP OF TEA.

VANYA's eyes, opening drowsily on a bleak autumn morning, sought the window, but the rest of him lay so altogether still that he might have been a mechanical doll, the mechanism of which, in need of winding up, was lapsing into complete inaction. And now these eyes looked fixedly out of the window as if the mechanism had really stopped.

Outside, autumn, in her tawny, faded-red garments, with silver strands in her distraught hair, was sweeping up the ground as with a great besom and sent the leaves flying with every cold gust. The wind rose, the wind fell, then rose again, rustling followed on silence and passed into silence, now the sweeper rested on her besom, now she renewed her task with fresh vigor, causing the yellow leaves to rise in an agitated flurry, to eddy round and round in little aerial whirlpools, and in the end to swirl away with the current to settle in little heaps somewhere.

Perhaps in Vanya's heart.

There was the same rising and falling there, the same eddying flutter as of dead leaves—too dead for so young a heart, sprouting with young grass, the same agitated swirl, followed by the same settled silence as under bleak skies, broken only by the cries of the crows winging black against grey.

And this great outside world, like a huge bird, perched in his heart, was like a great weight which prevented him from rising. He wanted to rise and he could not. He wanted to cry out for his mother and found no voice. Some one opened the door quietly and looked in, then walked away. Vanya, lying under his blankets, did not even look up to see who it was. Again the door opened quietly and some one looked in, and again Vanya made no stir to show that he was awake.

The thought of breakfast suddenly came to him, and with this thought he grew more animated. Hunger crept in upon him like a slow serpent, and thirst attacked him more boldly, like a ravenous wolf. He wanted his morning tea most of all. He heard footsteps in the corridor, but these, passing his door, went on and died away. Again he heard footsteps passing his door, but these, too, went on and died away. Other footsteps passed his door, stirring each time hope in his heart, but none of them paused, and his hope fell. And between the footsteps of one person and another thoughts came to him, maddening thoughts:

What was the object of life? What was before the world began? Of course, time was always and always would go on, whatever happened; but space? Where



did the world begin, and where did it end, but how could it end, surely there was something beyond that, but where did it stop, how could it stop? Then there were figures—where did numbers end?—but how could they end when they did not even begin, properly speaking—did not Gombarov tell him that even one could be divided indefinitely and infinitesimally? He knew what a million was, he even knew that a trillion was a million million million, and that a decillion was the figure one with sixty ciphers—but what came after that and after that, what name was there for a number consisting of one and a thousand ciphers? His mind grew dizzy, battalions and battalions of figures hurled themselves helplessly against a wall in his brain, and the futile combat made his head dizzy. He tried not to think, but all these problems importuned him against his will, and only the recurring footsteps in the corridor brought the recurring vision, each time more vivid, of a cup of tea; how fine it would be if a plate of steaming *blintsi*—pancakes—came with it, covered with butter and cream! But it was a cup of tea which tempted him most. Sometimes his mother brought him a cup. Footsteps were audible from time to time in the corridor; they were maddening, for they always passed on. At last the door opened quietly and Rivka looked in.

"Vanya, it's time to get up."

"Rivka, won't you get me a cup of tea? Then I'll get up."

"I have other things to think of this morning, you lazy-bones."

Rivka, always kindly, had never spoken to him like that before. She walked out. Vanya shouted after her:

"I want a cup of tea, d'you hear?"

"What does Vanya want?" he heard his mother ask in the corridor.

"He wants the moon," he heard Rivka reply.

This incensed Vanya. They always said he wanted the moon when he wanted nothing more than a cup of tea.

"I want a cup of tea!" he shouted.

His mother entered. Her manner was solemn.

"I want a cup of tea so much and Rivka won't give it to me."

"Let me help you to get dressed," was all his mother said, and he let her help him on with the things.

Once he was dressed she took him by the hand, and still looking very solemn, led him not, as he supposed she would, to the dining-room, but to the children's room, to Ilya's cradle.

"Look!" she said to Vanya.

Vanya looked perplexed. He had never seen Ilya look like that before. He lay erect in his cradle, his head propped up slightly on his pillow, his eyes closed, his small arms crossed on his breast, but what astonished Vanya was the waxen pallor of his brother's face—it looked exactly the color of the candles they used in the house.

"Mamma, what is the matter with Ilyushka?" asked Vanya.

"Ilyushka is dead," said his mother, repressing her tears.

At the word "dead" Vanya looked with curiosity at the small corpse; it was not so much death that interested him as the transformation brought about by death. The waxy, doll-like quality of Ilya's plump face, which had been only a day or two ago pink and soft, and all spreading and quivering, held him fascinated, but fear and pathos had no part in this fascination; this was evident from the remark which he presently addressed to his mother:

"Mamma, when will the tea be ready?"

Vanya's mother did not appear to hear his question. She went to her own room. No one paid any attention to Vanya.

"I want my tea!" Vanya shouted at the top of his voice.

And though he went on crying his cry through the house, no one seemed to hear him, for they were all thinking of the dead.

JOHN CURNOS.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE "TIMES" AND AN IRISH CONSTITUTION.

SIR,—There has just come to my notice a paragraph in your issue of July 26th in which it is observed that the scheme of the "Times" for the settlement of Ireland "follows in the main" a plan outlined by myself for creating an Irish Federation with two subordinate provinces.

May I have a word of explanation? The plan referred to was suggested tentatively as far back as 1912, when a Home Rule settlement was still practicable and I was advocating for Ireland a constitution resembling that of the Dominions. It was an incidental merit of such a Constitution that it could be so constructed as to give to Ulster, or part of Ulster, within a Dominion of Ireland the same local autonomy as that possessed by Quebec in Canada or Natal in South Africa. This was not a desirable expedient in itself because the laws and institutions of Ireland are uniform and the economic interests of North and South are closely interwoven. But it was an expedient which might serve to meet the case of Ulster. The essential thing, however, was to set up at once an All-Ireland Parliament, with or without subordinate provinces.

The "Times" handles the federal idea in a very different manner. It proposes to carry out by law the division of Ireland into two petty provinces of Great Britain, and it makes the ominous suggestion that these two artificial Irelands would, in case of necessity, fit neatly, as separate units, into the mosaic of the federalized United Kingdom, which is soon to be the subject of inquiry by a Royal Commission. Sir E. Carson himself has in the past given a guarded assent to this method of permanently partitioning Ireland.

The "Times" certainly professes to contemplate an All-Ireland Parliament, but it proposes to give Ulster power (1) to prevent its establishment; (2) to control it, should it come into existence, by an artificial majority; (3) to wreck it at any moment by the exercise of an unlimited veto upon all legislation and executive action. The result, says the "Times," will be to give Ulster "absolute independence within the Irish Federation." The *mot* reminds one of the definition of despotism given by a clever writer in your own columns as "liberty concentrated at the top."

As my name has been mentioned in the matter, I should like to add that recent years have convinced me of the futility of "Home Rule" schemes. I believe that England should recognize Ireland's claim to independence, or at least to full and unfettered self-determination after the withdrawal of military force.

England is responsible for the Ulster difficulty. She created it; she has intensified it; and she has always used it as her pretext and lever for holding Ireland down by military force, in her own strategical interests. Honest English Imperialists admit the motive. Others take refuge in the cant of philanthropy used since time immemorial to justify international crimes. Ireland, they say, must be saved (1) from civil war; (2) from conquest by some other Power.

England should evacuate Ireland. She has no right to be there. Thus and thus only can the Ulster difficulty be reasonably and peaceably solved. Thus only have similar difficulties been solved elsewhere. It goes without saying that compromise between Irish parties might conceivably take the form of an Irish Federation; but there are many other possibilities. A basis for compromise does not exist under present conditions.—Yours, &c.,

ERSKINE CHILDERS.

Grand Hôtel, Paris. August 1st, 1919.

### THE DENIKIN GROUP AND UKRAINA.

SIR,—I beg to refer to the statement made by Mr. Churchill before a meeting of M.P.s at the House of Commons last week to the effect that "General Denikin from the first declared war on the Germans, and had never swerved from the path of freedom and honor we ourselves had been treading since the Great War began" ("Daily Telegraph," July 31st).

Unfortunately the facts do not correspond with the statement. In reality, when the Germans came to the Ukraina, they brought the Hetman Skoropadskyj, late aide-de-camp of the Tsar, and he enrolled the "Volunteers and the Denikin

group," consisting of Tsaristic reactionary officers of the first order, who established a reign of terror over the peasantry, so that the latter revolted against the Hetman's yoke and his followers—Germans, volunteers and the Denikin group. In corroboration of my statement, I beg to refer you to the pamphlet "War and Bolshevism," published by the Ukrainian Press Bureau in Vienna, dealing with the revolt against the Hetman and his followers. (March 18th, 1919.)

The Denikin group consists of "old autocratic" Russians, reactionaries in the fullest sense of the word, who would avail themselves of the first opportunity to restore the power they enjoyed during the height of the old régime at the expense of democracy. Consequently, it is animated by the desire to subjugate the Ukrainian nation, to ruin its political organism, to cause the loss of its national achievements, and to bring about its economic enslavement. By thoroughly and artfully misrepresenting the real facts it got the support of the Allied Powers. On the other hand, to the Ukrainian population it declares that it is the explicit intention of the Allies that the reactionary policy should be carried out there.

Although the Democratic Ukrainian Government is fighting the Russian Bolsheviks, yet it abstains from co-operating with the Denikin group, because it cannot forget the deep wounds which are still bleeding, inflicted upon the country by the said group in union with its German confederates. I should also like to mention that the unqualified support given to the Denikin group without taking into consideration the Democratic party, comprising nearly the entire Ukrainian population, is bound to promote, in course of time, a complete German economic victory over Great Britain in the Ukraina.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH MARGULICS.

38, Kensington Mansions, S.W.5.  
August 6th, 1919.

#### THE WAR MIND OF THE AUNT.

SIR,—As a comment—to my mind not inapt—on the interesting article in your last issue, "The Civilian War Mind," I append extracts from two letters recently received by an officer at Cologne.

The main interest in them is that they were both written by educated women of the so-called upper middle class, and the second writer is a woman of no mean intellectual powers, having graduated with high honors at Oxford, and having done work of considerable literary value in two European languages.

The fact of her being what is considered as highly educated seems to me to make the case the more lamentable.

The letters afford some evidence of the enormous task before us in "re-educating" people to accept a fresh point of view in regard to the inter-relations of the various European countries. The letters were written about a month ago, and show a disregard for any evidence that Germany has shown "a change of heart" by her overthrow of her own rulers that is almost sublime.—Yours, &c.,

Z.

*Extract from Aunt M—'s letter.*

"How can you, my dear —, fraternize with a people such as they? Think of their conduct all through the war—their awful cruelty, their lies and their hatred, especially of the English. . . .

"Don't put yourself in their hands. Don't (much as you like it and so do I) drink of their Rhine wine, because, although, only from policy, they hold out the hand of friendship to you, a deadly hatred of the English is at the bottom of their hearts. I can't say more, but I do feel you are far too good to be in such company. Goodbye. . . ."

*Aunt A—'s letter in toto.*

"I endorse Aunt M—'s sentiments. Don't, I earnestly beg you, associate with Huns. Their society can only defile you, and they will flatter and lie to you. Every Hun you meet may be one who in their Army stained his hands with the blood of civilians, or foully mistreated women and children. Every woman you speak to may be one of those who spat on our prisoners, and howled with joy when the 'Lusitania' sank. Mind you, with a foe in the dust as the Hun dogs are, this would be the moment for generosity and forgiveness. But this is no ordinary foe. They have trampled down all human rights. They are the most colossal liars the world has ever seen, mean, low, obscene; it is degrading to all of you to have any dealings with them, and all the nation, not one section merely, are steeped in guilt. These are no exaggerated sentiments, but what five years of war have shown only too clearly. You can't touch pitch without defilement, and if you have read

and realize all the crimes the Huns have committed, you, as a decent man, can only feel loathing and disgust.—Much love, Aunt Ida."

#### THE CHILDREN'S FAMINE IN EUROPE.

SIR,—The Government has invoked the help of the British people in relieving the distress from famine in Europe and Asia Minor. Lord Robert Cecil has expressed the hope that the relief agencies appealing to the public under the Government's offer to double all voluntary gifts (up to £200,000) raised in the United Kingdom "will receive response that will bring to some millions of children . . . a message of practical sympathy." "There is no doubt whatever," said Lord Robert in the Commons on the 21st ulto., "that in large parts of Central Europe, including some parts of Germany, the children, the babies, are actually dying from want of food and want of milk. I do not believe that can be questioned."

Other distinguished men appeal to us. Lord Curzon sends out "an urgent call to the people of the British Empire to play their part in the great task of reconciliation and mercy." General Smuts asks us all "to exert ourselves to the utmost in the great work of saving the wreckage of life and industry." Sir William Goode, British Director of Relief Missions in Paris, writes to tell us that twelve and a-half millions are being spent by our Government in Europe, and this sum will all be used up or allocated before the harvest. Still there will be urgent need, he says, for medical comforts and for supplementary food, particularly for the children.

Will you be so good as to allow us space to remind your readers that the Save the Children Fund (Hon. Sec., Mrs. Buxton, 329, High Holborn, W.C. 1) has set itself the task of carrying this message to the nation? This is a central Relief Fund to be administered through the various excellent relief agencies which are at work in different parts of the famine area. The Fund does not confine itself within the limitations of the Government grant (Germany and part of Russia are excluded from benefit), but sends help where help is most needed irrespective of nationality. Donations, however, may be earmarked for any particular country. "What you have already done," writes Mr. C. K. Butler, Head of the British Mission to Vienna, "has been and will be of incalculable benefit to the suffering."

This great work is the first life-saving scheme of international scope, and it may prove to be the greatest mission that compassionate men have ever embarked upon. It can only succeed if people of all classes, parties, and beliefs will unite and ally their efforts with those of the Government.—Yours, &c.,

(Signed) HENRY BENTINCK,  
BUCKMASTER,  
MARY R. MACARTHUR,  
PAMELA McKENNA.

#### Poetry.

##### WHAT COUNTY?

WHAT county sends me this surprise,  
That had more rainbows in its skies—  
More songsters in its woods and fields,  
Than any other county yields?  
For, judging her by her fresh look,  
She never lived in grime and smoke.  
So here we are, the thrush and I—  
How we enjoy our ecstasy!  
While one blue egg employs his tongue,  
For two blue eyes I sing my song.  
Yet when I think how my love's eyes  
Shine with a soul so clear and wise,  
Your egg, poor bird, I fear to tell,  
May have no baby in its shell.  
Yon cuckoo too, whose voice doth fail  
When more than one sing in one vale.  
Hear how her voice becomes more sweet  
Among a number, when they meet.  
And yon pale star that loses light  
When other stars appear in sight,  
See how her light is magnified,  
With other women at her side.

W. H. DAVIES.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "British Labor and the War." By Paul Kellogg and Arthur Gleason. (Boni & Liveright. \$2.00.)  
 "The Case for Liberty." By E. S. P. Haynes. (Grant Richards. 6s. net.)  
 "The Advance of the English Novel." By W. L. Phelps. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Bishop and Other Stories." By Anton Tchekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. net.)  
 "The Arrow of Gold." A Novel. By Joseph Conrad. (Unwin. 6s. net.)  
 "The Old Madhouse." By Wm. de Morgan. (Heinemann. 8s. net.)

\* \* \*

HAVING weighed Heaven in a grain of sand—in, that is to say, two columns a fortnight ago—I need not fear to rush in and tread the gridiron floor of Hell in two others. It is a debatable point whether it be better to believe in a Heaven and a Hell than in neither, as we do now. Heaven is so remote that we can do without it, and Hell so neighborly that we can afford to despise its terrors in the next world. But among our forefathers Hell was a very real place. To the ancients, of course, Hell was blandly free of monkish demonology. The Furies only rested there; Ixion was a mechanic, Sisyphus an agricultural laborer—perhaps in the West of Ireland—and Tantalus a greenhouse gardener to a retired profiteer. Elysium was next door, just as it has been for so long on earth, where the slums can always contemplate the gentility of Park Lane and Upper Norwood.

\* \* \*

THEN came the Christian revolution, and with the alliance of Church and State there was the devil to pay. Thus St. Cyprian, enjoying the blockade:—

"A burning, scorching fire will for ever torment those who are condemned; there will be no respite or end to their torments. We shall, through eternity, contemplate in their agonies those who for a short time contemplated us in tortures, and for the brief pleasure which the barbarity of our persecutors took in feasting their eyes upon an inhuman spectacle, they will themselves be exposed in an eternal spectacle of agony."

Personally, I doubt the malevolence of the idea of Hell in the Middle Ages, except among persons "binding with briars the joys and desires" of earthly life. As Rodin says, the demons and gargoyles and grotesques of the cathedrals on whose heads the ecclesiastical daws perched and fed their young have been lent a kindly malice "and an air almost of relationship with the angels." "These gentle craftsmen" saw them as definite objects and so as part of art. For who can behold an object in and for itself, however queer or humble a chip of the universe, without falling in love with it? The concrete, imaginative unity of the Middle Ages was free of our hellish faculty for seeing things in terms of size and utility. But then came a discovery of such magnitude and significance as to shake the pillars of Hell to their foundations. Immaterial things were found to possess a power and reality not only vaster and more actual than any material object, but to be the very soul and meaning of these objects. To explain it, we can borrow the words of Bosola in the "Duchess of Malfi":—

"Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine  
Out of this sensible hell."

\* \* \*

MARLOWE put the whole problem into portable form in the following dialogue:—

Faust: "First will I question thee about hell,  
Tell me where is the place that men call hell?  
Meph.: Under the Heavens.  
Faust: Ay, but whereabouts?  
Meph.: Within the bowels of these elements,  
Where we are tortured and remain for ever;  
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed

In one self place; for where we are is hell,  
And where hell is there must we ever be:  
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,  
And every creature shall be purified,  
All places shall be hell that is not Heaven,  
Faust: Come, I think hell's a fable.  
Meph.: Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind."

And Milton and others so developed the brief against St. Cyprian that Hell as a place of residence has been finally evacuated. The demons packed up all their surgical instruments and removed to earth in such numbers that in the early nineteenth century we had to invent a new system to accommodate them all. The Kingdom of Hell, it was found, was within us, no less than the Kingdom of Heaven, and so well has the former adapted itself to the semblance of the latter that "it is hardly safe to be seen talking to an angel at all."

\* \* \*

THEN Blake came along, and seeing that the halo was really supported by a pair of horns, set to work to remove the halo so that the horns might be revealed to other people. Accordingly, he wrote the "Proverbs of Hell" and, among other things, "A Memorable Fancy." An angel appeared to him, and said:—

"O pitiable foolish young man! O horrible! O dreadful state! Consider the hot burning dungeon thou art preparing for thyself to all eternity, to which thou art going in such career."

Blake asked to be shown the way, and the angel took him to the infinite Abyss:—

"Beneath us, at an immense distance, was the sun, black, but shining; round it were fiery tracks on which revolved vast spiders crawling after their prey, which flew, or rather swam, in the infinite deep, in the most terrific shapes of animals sprung from corruption; and the air was full of them and seemed composed of them; these are Devils, and called Powers of the air. I asked my companion which was my eternal lot? He said between the black and white spiders."

The angel left him, and then—

"this appearance was no more, but I found myself sitting on a pleasant bank beside a river by moonlight, hearing a harper who sung to the harp, and his theme was, the man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind."

He alters his opinion about the angel to such effect that he converts him, and:—

"This Angel, who is now become a Devil, is my particular friend: we often read the Bible together in its infernal or diabolical sense, which the world shall have if they behave well. I have also the Bible of Hell which the world shall have whether they will or no."

The whole law and the prophets of the Satanic Scripture amounts to: "God becomes as we are, that we may be as he is, for everything that lives is Holy."

\* \* \*

DONNE fully explains the matter in one of his "Sermons":—

"What Tophet is not Paradise, what brimstone is not amber, what gnashing is not a comfort, what gnawing of the worm is not a tickling, what torment is not a marriage bed to this damnation, to be secluded eternally, eternally, eternally, from the sight of God?"

I am reminded of a tale told by a devil (in this case, a German) of a prosperous bourgeois who, when he went to Heaven, asked St. Peter to give him what he had liked best upon earth—his best dishes, his best newspaper, his best armchair. St. Peter readily granted all that he asked, but found when he looked in upon him after the lapse of a considerable time that it hung very heavy on his hands. So he asked St. Peter whether he could look and see how the world was getting on. St. Peter showed him a small slit in the wall which he could reach by standing on his chair on tiptoe. He did so, but when St. Peter made his next call, he turned on him and begged to be allowed to go to Hell for a change. And St. Peter answered: "My dear man, wherever did you think that you were?" Immobility, stagnation, unchangeableness—it's as good a Hell as can be found. The great point about Heaven is that it denies the law of the conservation of energy. The more you get of it the more you want, and the more you want the more you get. We may leave it to the historians to tell future generations of the advantages of Hell at compound interest.

H. J. M.

## Reviews.

## HORACE WALPOLE.

✓ "Supplement to the Letters of Horace Walpole." Edited by PAGET TOYNBEE. Two vols. (Clarendon Press. 17s. net.)

HORACE WALPOLE has never been quite forgiven for being a wit. The English are, above most nations, suspicious of wit. They seem to regard it as inconsistent with goodness of heart. They prefer not only seriousness, but the rotund pretence of seriousness. Hence their tolerance for the humbug common-places of statesmen. They accepted Disraeli as a statesman, it is true, but Disraeli was a master of rotund pretence as well as a wit. Certainly if Swift and Horace Walpole had not been wits, though they might have had fewer readers, they would have had more admirers. Even Congreve and Pope, if they had confined themselves to solemn "Mourning Brides" and "Essays on Man," would have escaped a great deal of reprobation. For the wit is a man who brings the intellect as his companion among the veneration of the crowd. His epigrams are arrows aimed straight at the hearts of the popular gods. People think of him as an Alcibiades deliberately mutilating the busts of Hermes. He regards life, not with the earnestness of a member of a committee, but with the terrible levity of a philosopher. He does not take off his hat when he enters a crypt of dead formulas; he merely laughs a little more than usual. Because he does not respect what is not worthy of respect he is immediately accused of respecting nothing at all. He is plainly an atheist, egoistic, heartless, spiteful, and lacking in nobility. It is an astonishing thing that no wit has been martyred since Socrates. Perhaps it is because the multitude of sentimentalists did not understand what the wits meant. An epigram, merely by being an epigram, offends many people who have only a vague idea what it means; but, so long as they do not know, it does not offend them to the point of murder. It is, perhaps, on the whole more fortunate than unfortunate that it requires a wit to understand wit. Otherwise the Voltaires and the Shaws would have short lives.

Horace Walpole, no doubt, was an idler as well as a wit, and, if we did not live in a society in which it is regarded as one of the great blessings of Providence to be born into the circle of idlers, we might have the right to blame him on that score. George IV. when Prince of Wales once asked him if he was a Freemason. "No, sir," replied Walpole; "I never was anything." This was his constant boast. He refused to take himself with an impressive seriousness. "My best wisdom," he wrote at the age of seventy-three, "has consisted in forming a baby-house full of playthings for my second childhood." If he was an egotist he did not show it by trumpeting his own labors. "What have I written," he asks Dr. Lort, "that was worth remembering, even by myself?" It may be contended that this was mere affectation, and that Walpole, like Congreve, was a snob who had rather be valued as a gentleman than as an author. He unquestionably had no *esprit de corps* as a man of letters. "You know," he once wrote, "I shun authors, and would never have been one myself if it obliged me to keep such bad company. They are always in earnest, and think their profession serious, and will dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning. I laugh at all these things, and write only to laugh at them and divert myself. None of us are authors of any consequence, and it is the most ridiculous of all vanities to be vain of being *mediocre*." His opinions of contemporary authors have often been quoted accusingly against him. He found Fielding "perpetually disgusting," Goldsmith "silly," Hume "a superficial mountebank," and Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides" "the story of a mountebank and his zany." When Johnson died, Burke, Boswell, and Sir Joshua Reynolds sent Walpole a circular letter inviting him to subscribe to a monument. "I would not," wrote Walpole to Miss Berry in allusion to this, "deign to write an answer; but sent down word by my footman, as I would have done to parish officers with a brief, that I would not subscribe." If this were the whole story of Walpole's literary tastes and attitude, one would be compelled to admit that he was as ungenerous as he was indiscriminating. But it is far from being the whole story. If dispraise of Hume is to be found in the letters, so is praise; and the dispraise is largely due to the fact that, as he went on writing, Hume became an ever more embittered enemy of everything for which Sir Robert

Walpole had stood in politics. And, just as it was the loyal son in Walpole that denounced Hume, so it was the loyal friend in him that denounced Johnson. He could not forgive Johnson for saying that Gray was dull both as a poet and as a man. Nor are his criticisms of Johnson all unjustified. "Though he was good-natured at bottom," he said acutely, "he was very ill-natured at top." On the whole, indeed, Walpole showed himself a much more penetrating critic, both in his disparagements and in his enthusiasms, than is generally admitted. He was taken in neither by the forgeries of Macpherson and Chatterton, nor by the grave pretentiousness of Thomson and Akenside. "The imitators of Milton," he declared of the latter poets, "... study his phrase to express common ideas, their own ideas, void of his vigor. . . . Their language is not poetic, but bombast prose, or, rather, prose dressed in poetic rags." His love of Gray, again, whose printer he became at Strawberry Hill, must be counted to him for literary righteousness. It cannot be imputed merely to the fact that he was Gray's friend at Eton and Cambridge. If he had not been a whole-hearted admirer of Gray's genius, he would not have been so eager to resume friendship with him after the Italian estrangement. The fact that he compiled a "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors" has led some critics to believe that Walpole was so desperately a snob that he was unable to appreciate any author who was not also a gentleman. His friendship for Gray, however, who was not (in the snob's sense of the word) a gentleman, is enough to disprove this. Apart from this, his unreserved defence of Shakespeare against the strictures of Voltaire in his letters to Madame du Deffand is conclusive evidence of his disinterested delight in literature. Swinburne himself was hardly a more devoted Shakespearean than Walpole. "When," he wrote, "I think over all the great authors of the Greeks, Romans, Italians, French, and English (and I know no other languages), I set Shakespeare first and alone, and then begin anew." Dante and Spenser bored him, as, to tell the truth, they bore many readers, and he could see little but pedantry and ill-arranged commonplaces in Montaigne, but he wrote well of Milton and Pope, and indeed had as many right tastes in literature as one can fairly expect in a man of genius.

If he underestimated some of his contemporaries, this, I think, was due not to his being a snob, but to the fact that, like many men of weak and inactive constitution, he lived a great deal in the past. He had not that superabundant energy that impels men to throw themselves enthusiastically into the life of their own time. Had it been otherwise, he might have been a great statesman instead of a great letter writer. As it was, he drew back from his age with something of an invalid's dislike. He had no energy for "movements" or for anything beyond his affections and his amusements. He acquired new friends in old age, but as for gods, he was content, both in literature and politics, with the gods of his youth. Perhaps it would be more interpretative to say that he seldom gave up an opinion or a friend. He had all Lord John Russell's passion for the Constitution of 1688; and to praise the administration of Sir Robert Walpole was always a sure way to his favor. If he inherited his father's politics, however, it was not merely because he was a good son, but because he was temperamentally a pacifist and a civilized man. He abhorred the violence either of statesmen or of the mob. "We have great alacrity at blundering into war," he complained, "besides little ingenuity in making peace." He hated the Jingo violence that made war on America, and he hated equally the revolutionary violence that produced the September massacres in Paris. His denunciation of the French at the time of the Revolution, indeed, cannot but amuse the modern reader, because he says about the French of those days exactly the same things that many people say of the Russians to-day. "France must be abhorred to latest posterity," he declared. He quoted with approval La Fayette's description of the Revolutionists as "cowardly cannibals," and declared, "Nor is there on record any memorial of such over-savage barbarities as have been committed by that atrocious and detestable nation." One does not like to think of Horace Walpole as an average man, but how like an anti-Bolshevik he speaks when he says: "There are so many agents of the Parisian monsters in this country, who are endeavoring to propagate their bloody doctrines in ale-houses and among the populace, that if they



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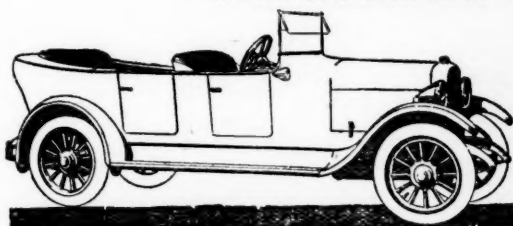
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are not strictly watched, mischief may arise even in this good-natured island." He also anticipated a modern attitude when he wrote: "I have more hopes from *General Famine* in France than from anything done against them." Unlike the modern anti-Bolshevik, however, Walpole disliked violence on his own side—as a rule, at least—no less than the violence of foreigners. He was a humanitarian, though an indolent one. In domestic reform, he honored John Howard as one of the apostles of humanity, and, in one of the newly-discovered letters, we find him doing his best to assist a young man on the ground that his father "has been long laboring to alleviate the horrid sufferings and consequential miseries of those poor victims, chimney-sweepers." In the same mood, he anticipated the modern revulsion against the "sport" of hunting. He was fastidious and had no love of killing.

The truth is, for all his childishness, his dilettantism, his cynicism, his preference of the life of a spectator to that of an actor, Walpole was a man of unusual sensitiveness and of a tender heart. We may not be able to love him as we love Charles Lamb. He was too much of a literary dandy to be loved passionately. At the same time, all through the eighty years of his gouty life, we find beneath his airs and graces a constant desire for affection that in the end will make anybody but a professor or a moralist regard him affectionately. A letter written to his mother at the age of eight and now published for the first time provides the intelligent reader with a key to one of the great secrets of Horace Walpole's nature:—

"Dear mama, I hop you are wall, and I am very wall, and I hop papa is wal, and I begin to slaap, and I hop al wall and my cosens like there pla things vary wall and I hop Doly phillips is wall and pray give my Duty to papa.

HORACE WALPOLE.

and I am very glad to hear by Tom that all my cruatuars are all wall.  
and Mrs. Selwen has sprand her Fot and gvis her Sarves to you and I dind ther yester Day."

Walpole remained a considerate child to the end of his life. His consideration for other children is shown in an apologetic letter to Conway in 1754 in which he says he is "waiting for Lady Mary, who has desired to bring her poor little sick girl here for a few days to try the air. You know how courteous a knight I am to distress virgins of five years old, and that my castle-gates are always open to them." The moralists seem to me to be too severe in condemning Horace Walpole because he collected gimcracks and uttered a cry of distress when somebody outbid him for Oliver Cromwell's nightcap and altogether behaved like a man without a sense of having an apostolic mission. He was undoubtedly a cynic. On October 20th, 1760, we find him writing an adulatory letter about the Royal Family to Lord Bute, in the hope of being allowed to kiss the Prince of Wales's hand. Six days later he writes to Thomas Brand:—

"DEAR BRAND,—You love laughing; there is a King dead; can you help coming to town?"

Is it not over-solemn, however, to condemn the play of a letter-writer of genius, who of necessity in his time plays many parts? Where else among English letter-writers can we find such Chinese lamps of mind and mood—such a tireless comment on lilacs and literature, on statesmen and snuff-boxes? Idle? Why, if Horace Walpole had written his letters for money, writers of books for young men might well have praised him as one of the most industrious authors on the roll of English literature.

As for the new letters published in the present volumes, one cannot honestly say that they add much to our knowledge or appreciation of Walpole. None the less, one is glad to possess every scrap written by so wonderful a correspondent. Dr. Toynbee has practically made an already all but perfect edition of the letters complete. Only a few copyright letters now remain to be gathered.

#### A SAGE'S CHILDHOOD.

"*Le Petit Pierre.*" By ANATOLE FRANCE. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 7 fr.)

IN whatever place or epoch he may have existed, the sage has always been much the same. The experience of ages has proved the solidity of his wisdom. However much we may protest and rebel, the sage is always right: if

we would live happily in this troubled world we must follow his example, we must be wise, reasonable. "J'appelle raisonnable," says M. Anatole France, "celui qui accorde sa raison particulière avec la raison universelle, de manière à n'être jamais trop surpris de ce qui arrive et à s'y accommoder tant bien que mal; j'appelle raisonnable celui qui, observant les désordre de la nature et la folie humaine, ne s'obstine point à y voir de l'ordre et de la sagesse; j'appelle raisonnable enfin celui qui ne s'efforce pas de l'être." In these words the kindest of latter-day sages has painted his own portrait. He stands aloof in the midst of the world, like a grown-up in a nursery of children, like a human being in a bear-garden. Our childish, bearish antics amuse him, and for our part we may well envy his serenity. Was he ever young, we wonder, was he ever a child or a little ill-mannered bear like the rest of us? In "*Le Petit Pierre*" M. France answers this question, answers it delightfully in the affirmative.

Little Pierre Nozière, whom M. France brings before us out of a past that is more than seventy years distant from to-day, is as young and as unwise as any healthy child should be. It is a relief to learn that wise men are not born, like poets, but must make themselves, laboriously and painfully; we might all learn to be wise if we would mark the lessons of experience as attentively as little Pierre. At four years old, for example, Pierre Nozière desired, with that urgent impatience of which only children and animals are capable, passionately desired a drum. His parents shook their heads; they did not like playthings that made a noise. But at last, one fine morning, Pierre got his drum. His mother was particularly nice to him that day, hung the drum round his neck, kissed him more than usually tenderly, and sent him out with the nurse for a walk. Rapturously he drummed his way through the streets of Paris, to find, on his return, that his father and mother had gone away for a week's holiday; the drum was an anticipatory consolation for their absence. Everything is paid for, nothing is given. "Later, when I grew to be a man," says M. France, "there have been occasions when I have desired things similar to that sounding, hollow instrument so much longed for in my childhood—the tympanums of glory, the cymbals of public favor. But as soon as I felt the birth and movement of this desire within me I would call to mind my baby's drum and the price I paid for it, and immediately I would cease to desire those things that fate does not bestow gratuitously upon us." Yes, anyone can be a sage who will; fate gives us lessons, we have but to attend as well as M. France has done.

For M. France his childhood is full of precepts. "Genius is doomed to injustice," was a truth which burst upon little Pierre on the occasion of his discovery that, in drawing soldiers, it looks far more lifelike if you represent their limbs by two parallel lines than if you portray arms and legs with only a single stroke. Intoxicated by the novelty and beauty of this invention, he ran to show the drawing to his mother. Alas! she failed to notice that there was anything remarkable about it, anything to distinguish it from his other scribbles.

The sage's wisdom is not always worldly wisdom. He has arrived at a calm simplicity that is beyond the world and its sordid complications; and in some cases he has arrived there by simply standing still, remaining where he was in childhood. The child who, playing by himself at shops and shopping, turned to his mother with the question: "Maman, dans les magasins, est-ce celui qui vend ou celui qui achète, qui donne de l'argent?" is the same as the man whose blissful ignorance of all that appertains to money makes his old age light to bear, "as it is to all souls exempt from avarice and pride."

But, like Pierre Nozière's drum, wisdom has a price that must be paid, and M. France hints in the last paragraph of his book at what he has lost in the acquisition of this treasure more precious than rubies. Little Pierre's childhood came to an end at the moment when he was given, in the parental apartment, a room of his own to inhabit. "It was there," writes M. France, "that my mind took form, expanded and became peopled with phantoms. There came to me, between the four walls of that poor little room, came to haunt my spirit the bright shades of knowledge, those illusions which have hidden nature from my sight, making a wall between her and me, the more impenetrable the more I sought to discover her." Everyone must pay for the benefits



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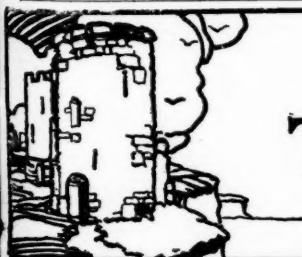
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The report was adopted.



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of knowledge and of growing up; the child's directness of view vanishes with education. He gets out of immediate touch with life, looking at the world through learned spectacles. The sage pays a greater price for his wisdom. The essence of sagehood is aloofness; the wise man consciously separates himself from the world, teaching himself to smile upon and pity the helplessness of human folly in its struggle against nature. He is a spectator sitting comfortably above the arena. But not without dust and heat can the prize be won; in literature as well as in life the spectator sacrifices the supreme glory for a position of comfort and serenity. The greatest and the most moving art comes from those who are in immediate contact with life, those who have struggled and competed in the arena; the sage can never be a supreme poet. That is the price he has had to pay for his wisdom. M. France's work has qualities that will make it last, qualities that will always appeal to certain moods of the human mind. But one always feels that perhaps he might have achieved something finer, fuller, more passionate if he had not taught himself wisdom, but remained intimately in touch with the agonizing folly and disorder at which he can now afford to smile from a distance. But the fact remains that M. Anatole France has chosen the sage's path, and we should be grateful to him for his wisdom and the mellowed beauty of his work instead of complaining that he is not somebody else who might, possibly, have achieved something greater than wisdom.

#### TWO BOOKS ABOUT ALIENS.

"The Village: Russian Impressions." By ERNEST POOLE (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

"The Home and the World." By Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

THERE are two things which undercut the value of Mr. Poole's book—its lack of plan and coherence and the fact that it tells a tale of 1917. Impressions of a summer visit to a vast, mysterious country like Russia in the pangs of the mightiest changes the world has ever seen are, perhaps, bound to be sketchy, thin, and inconclusive, and time's sickle has so levelled many of Mr. Poole's crop of generalizations and prophetic sowings that there is no need to dot the "i" in irony. In spite of these handicaps, we still feel that the author, if he took upon himself to write a book, ought to have shown more insight into the conditions and direction of what Morris used to call the "great change." His first error is to assume that the Bolsheviks were a rabble of talkers and windbag doctrinaires. He is to some extent compelled to such a judgment, because he takes the normal point of view of the "practical" business man. Russia was "no more practical than its revolution, seething with dreams when it should have been acting." That, of course, is the universal fantasy of an industrial civilization, that thought and idealism are in astral opposition to action, the drill sergeant with a bellow and no nonsense about him. The Bolsheviks have, at any rate, exposed that. Mr. Poole quotes Pushkin: "Russia can never have revolution. Russia can have only riot." Yet there can be no doubt that impartial history will marvel at what a "faction," after a revolution and a war, faced by starvation, internal conflict, and an invasion of adventurers, aided by big and small nations with every modern equipment of warfare, has done. The "impractical dreamer" suspicion, in Russia at any rate, is laid for ever. The same unthinking prejudice leads Mr. Poole to idealize his interpreter Tarasov, a small landowner, whose notion is that the whole agricultural problem would be saved by tractors—which is about as sensible as our own that the problem of the relations between nations is to be solved by the big battalions. A great part of the book reproduces the talk of peasants growling at the revolution and whose views betray a remarkable similarity with those of the small landowner, shopkeeper, and village storekeeper class, if very little acumen into the nature of Kerensky's government—hostile to the communizing of the land. Whether Mr. Poole's collection of peasant opinion is, or rather was, representative or not, we have no means of judging. It is quite probable that it was. As is well known,

a peasant proprietary is invariably a solid defence to the vested interests of property, whether in land or in industry. Mr. Poole's picture of the village priest, Sergei Gregorovitch (a kind of early Franciscan), is the best in the book; but the views of another priest:—

"Now every word must be understood. We want no more needless mystery. We shall have a hard enough time as it is, to make simple and clear in the peasant's mind the connection between the new free Russia and the reorganized church of Christ. We must show how the old saints were really the first socialists, the pioneers who not only worked for the souls of the people but helped them to co-operate and do better farming, too."

—do not appear to him to "go very deep into life." So he winds up with a long account of the village schoolmaster, who would certainly talk even a demagogue into dumbness. He becomes uproarious over the lies of the German agents, who told the people that England and America wanted the peasants to keep on fighting their war, while they crushed the revolution, "so that their millionaires may be free to go on with their looting of mankind." Of what monstrous mendacity is the Teutonic mind capable! The schoolmaster concludes his harangue by recommending a lengthy continuation of the war and a great scheme for militarizing the village schools. However, Mr. Poole's book will no doubt be acclaimed as one more nail in the coffin of Socialism.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore's, or rather Mr. Tagore's, book is of very different quality. Its structure is that of the "eternal triangle," the Maharaja Nikhil, his wife Bimala, and the Nationalist adventurer Sandip Babu being its three points. Sandip, under the guise of Nationalist propaganda, lays siege to Bimala, whom he flatters with his rant and by hailing her as the genius of the movement. The actual narrative is stage-managed rather clumsily and confusedly, possibly because Mr. Tagore is not really interested in it, except as scaffolding for constructing and expounding his philosophy of life. Sandip, for instance, when the fruit is ripe and ready to fall, for some inexplicable reason forbears to gather it, and the story is suddenly diverted from a problem of psychological relationship to one of rather obscure local politics. Sandip, we feel, was never the man to relinquish the woman for her money. Both were for him a symbol of power, gratified desire, and egomania, and all along the woman was his easiest prey. Nikhil, too, the repository of Mr. Tagore's right thinking, is very little else—and remains a shadow, even something of a "highbrow." But, as we read, we become more and more convinced that the story is only a *pis aller* and that the real intention of the book is not at all to present a picture of the *Swadishi* movement, or of a Bengal household, or even of a mystic, a passionate and foolish woman and a rhetorical self-seeker. It is intended partly as a parable to ourselves and partly upon the true meaning and aim of life. Thus read, Mr. Tagore's book is beautiful, useful and true, a trilogy which mean much the same thing and whose separation has done no little harm to the world. This philosophy is anti-Nationalist, whether in the big nation or the small, the oppressor or the oppressed, and it speaks much for Mr. Tagore's wisdom and courage that he has not hesitated to apply it to his own country as well as the country of the Rowlatt Bills. Turbulence, anger, and injustice impose force, because of their own weakness, and the weak dare not be just. Sandip's love of country is but a different phase of his covetous self-love. "I want the Western military style to prevail, not the Indian," he says, and Nikhil replies that it was Buddha, not Alexander, who conquered the world: "Those who make sacrifices for their country's sake are indeed her servants, but those who compel others to make them in her name are her enemies. They would cut freedom at the root, to gain it at the top." If we look back on the history of the last four years, we recognize that here speaks true insight. "I had simply come to understand," says Nikhil, "that never would I be free until I could set free," and then perhaps the wisest words in the whole book—"we cannot see Beauty till we let go our hold of it." We think of our poet Blake:—

"He that bends to himself a joy,  
Doth the winged life destroy;  
But he that catches the joy as it flies  
Lives in Eternity's sunrise."

Man's history, Nikhil's old tutor declares, has to be built



## MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COMPANY LIMITED.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING of the above company was held on the 7th inst. at the Savoy Hotel, Mr. Godfrey Isaacs presiding.

The Chairman said:—The Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account are before you, and I will deal with the figures in so far as they call for comment.

Turning, in the first instance, to the Balance Sheet, the Capital Account is unchanged. The Bills payable are represented by a reduced figure; the amount due to creditors is, in round figures, about one hundred thousand pounds higher than it was at the end of 1917, due to the business in hand at the end of the year; and the same remarks apply to the next item, which largely represents amounts received on account in respect of contracts in hand, but uncompleted at the end of the financial year. The Reserve Account shows an increase of one hundred thousand pounds in keeping with the Resolutions passed at the last General Meeting.

On the credit side, Cash at Bankers, Investments, Moneys on Deposit, and Temporary Loans, shows such increases as might be expected from the substantial profits resulting from the last year's trading. The Sundry Debtors, &c., is largely consistent with the bigger figures with which we are dealing. The stock in hand has increased by some hundred and twenty thousand pounds, resulting from the considerable orders in course of fulfilment when the accounts were closed.

Turning now to the Profit and Loss Account, the balance of contract sales and trading account, amounts for the past year to £765,000, or some £229,000 more than the preceding year, and the net profit amounts to nearly £598,000, which is approximately £215,000 more than 1917. Adding the balance brought forward, £376,000, we have available to the credit of Profit and Loss Account, £974,000.

We have already paid 7 per cent. on the Preference shares, and an interim dividend of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, and, subject to your passing the resolution which we shall submit to you later, we propose to pay a final dividend of 20 per cent. upon the Ordinary shares, and 15 per cent. upon the Preference shares, to transfer to General Reserve the sum of £150,000, and to carry to next account the sum of £463,786 14s. 8d.

I think these figures will be regarded by you as highly satisfactory. Together with the results of the previous years, they clearly demonstrate the growth of our organization throughout the world, notwithstanding the fact that it has been extremely difficult to conduct a commercial business such as ours during a period of war.

After having dealt with the Company's businesses and interests abroad, the Chairman continued:—

I am sorry to tell you once more that we have not been able to arrive at any settlement with His Majesty's Postmaster General in respect of the services which we have rendered during the war. I deeply regret that the Official Secrets Act, and a sense of patriotism, prevents my reading to you a full report record of this Company's services to the Empire, from the very eve of the outbreak of war until the signature of peace. It is a record, Ladies and Gentlemen, of which the Company has every right to be proud and which not only you, but the people of the whole Empire would warmly applaud could the book be opened. Upwards of eight million words were in foreign languages, including Russian, German, Italian, French, and Roumanian. All these messages were translated by us and delivered to the numerous addresses designated to us by the Authorities. Since our stations were returned to us after the Armistice we have been conducting work of a similar nature, but of a much simpler and easier one for another Government Department. After consideration they fixed 3d. per word, which was what they deemed to be a reasonable rate of pay for

the nature of the work we were doing. We accepted what the Department considered reasonable. But for the much more difficult and onerous work which I have just described, and for which we have to look for payment to the Post Office, we have not been able to obtain an offer of more than what amounts to approximately one and one fifth of a penny per word. This is not only offered as remuneration for our services, but it is to cover also compensation for our having been deprived of the use of the whole of our stations, except Clifden, during the whole period of the war. This one and one-fifth of a penny per word left but a very small margin over and above our actual out-of-pocket expenditure. We have made many attempts to arrive at a reasonable settlement and have offered to accept terms substantially less than those which we are being paid and to which I have referred above. We would have willingly made that sacrifice in order to ensure the good relations which it is the Company's aim to maintain with all Government Departments, but all to no avail. In these circumstances, Ladies and Gentlemen, painful as it is to have to sue a Government Department under Petition of Right, you will not be surprised that we have again been driven to commence new proceedings, and are threatened once more with being forced into a Court of Law, expending large sums in legal costs, and wasting the time of the important officials of the Company, whose whole energy and time are required to successfully run the vast machinery of our world-wide organisation.

And this leads me to the proceedings which have recently terminated.

After we obtained Judgment, we were desirous of going before the Arbitrator and placing all facts and figures before him, leaving it to him to award to us a *quantum meruit*. The Post Office, however, said 'No! You must define your claim.' This was impossible for us to do other than by a formula, in symbols, embracing all the conditions of the contract, subject to its being interpreted in the most favorable manner possible to us, and such estimates of percentages of traffics and traffic increases as we thought we might reasonably suppose might take place in the course of twenty-eight years. Finally, the Post Office agreed to furnish us with the actual cable traffics. To these figures we applied our formula as we were obliged to do, and it worked out to the large figure of the claim. We had no alternative but to submit this account, but we submitted it reluctantly.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Post Office completely failed to make out their case. Their own witness, Mr. Swinburn, an eminent scientific expert, said that the Marconi Company had made great improvements in wireless telegraphy in recent years, and still led the world in the development of the art.

The Post Office engineers admit that they know little or nothing about the long distance wireless telegraphy, and have had no experience of it. They are going to start building the Imperial Stations by experimenting with obsolete systems. What matters to them that they throw away £600,000 of public money? That they delay the provision of an efficient Imperial Chain of Stations for another nine years; that the supplementary vote of £170,000 and further large sums be spent to no purpose? The art as it was known in 1904 is good enough, the Post Office thinks, for the British Empire. Will the British Public think so? Will this watertight Government Department be allowed to adopt this suicidal policy, and in its ineptitude, raise the price of telegrams to cover its failure, as it proposes to raise the price of telephones?

Ladies and Gentlemen, the amount of the award was received on Tuesday last. In view of what I have said to you, we do not at present propose to touch it; we propose to wait a little. We shall have to call you together again ere long to consider some increase of our capital; we have considerable developments in view for which provision must be made; there may be more within the next few weeks. We require a little more time for consideration. We may know better where we stand when we meet you again in the Autumn.

The Resolutions were adopted.

by the united effort of all the races in the world, and therefore "this selling of conscience for political reasons—this making a fetish of one's country, won't do. I know that Europe does not at heart admit this, but there, she has not the right to pose as our teacher." It is a hard lesson to learn, for greed is always united to romanticism, but unless we learn it, we perish.

#### A CATALOGUE.

"**The Modern Drama.**" By L. LEWISOHN. (Secker. 7s. net.) MR. LEWISOHN discusses plays from the point of view of literary classification. He takes up paste-brush and labels and stamps them as "naturalistic" or "neo-romantic," working with sympathy and enthusiasm. His criticism is of the arm-chair, but his arm-chair is in the study, not the stalls. His attitude to the modern drama is reminiscent of the old-fashioned dons' attitude to the Greek play, until Professor Murray awakened them from dozing over their elaborate commentaries by protesting that the main point of the play was its performance. Mr. Lewisohn, who is an American and keeps severely silent about his national theatre, has read a great many plays—Norwegian, German, French, and English: he has compiled an efficient catalogue of publications: he has kept his book admirably clear of racial animosity: he has written some competent literary criticism: but he has neither described nor criticized the modern drama.

That the achievement of the modern British drama is jejune he acknowledges with grief, but he makes no effort to discover the cause of the distress. The British public regards the theatre as a home of amusement, not of art: it goes to the theatre to be entertained not worried, and it expects its entertainments to be lavish. The theatrical manager caters for this demand, but, since it is a costly demand, he can only cater for it on strictly safe and popular lines. He dare not, even if he would, risk a production out of the accepted lines of farce, sentiment, or sensation. If young men come to him with ideas, he can only show them the door or suffer for his hospitality. Hence young men, who wish to give expression to their emotions or philosophies and at the same time to keep alive, avoid dramatic form for their work. It is far easier and cheaper to produce a book than a play, and journalism may afford an existence, while drama affords only despair. What is killing the British drama is not internal weakness, but the throttle-hold of commercialism without.

Hence any treatment of the modern drama in complete isolation from the conditions of modern life is bound to end in sterility. After all, the play is the thing, not the book of the words. Yet Mr. Lewisohn can discuss the modern drama without even a passing allusion to the technique and efficiency of modern acting, the influence of the actor-manager, or the revolution in methods of production. A man might as well write a book about aeroplanes without mentioning the fact that they have engines. A play differs from a story, an essay, or a poem because it is played: poetical drama has a double appeal, and its poetic values may be justly settled in the arm-chair: but a prose-play read in a study is like a singing bird in a cage. Whether the author, actor, or producer should be protagonist in the modern drama is a disputed point; it is not our business to settle it, but only to point out that the drama is, and must be, an art of collaboration.

If we take Mr. Lewisohn in his own restricted field as a student of published plays, his verdicts are often sound. His treatment of Brioux is just, and his denunciation of that god of the 'nineties, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, both just and entertaining. Yet he is guilty of grave omissions: surely Hankin and Houghton deserve at least a word of mention. Nor does Mr. Lewisohn seem to have any sense of comedy: he is so busy, for instance, gumming his philosophic labels over the anatomy of Mr. Shaw that he fails to realize that his subject is something greater than a philosopher in as far as he is the finest comic dramatist of the day. Mr. Lewisohn's reading proves him to be a master of foreign tongues, but his writing proves him to be no master of English. His translations are flat and his phraseology turgid. And if he cannot even quote "Sunt lacrimæ rerum" without a blunder in prosody that would disgrace a fourth-

form schoolboy and a change of words that shatters the marvellous music of the line, he had better leave Virgil alone. His function is to catalogue and classify: and that he has done well.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"**The Natural History of the Child.**" By Dr. COURTENAY DUNN. (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d. net.)

DR. DUNN's book is a curious and original attempt to give "a history of childhood which for the greater part has been grubbed up from ancient and scarce books, obscure pamphlets and papers." Dr. Dunn declares himself the father of seven children, and he seems equally to be the parent of the seven sages. "The Natural History of the Child" is, indeed, an extraordinary amalgam of historical, antiquarian, and medical knowledge, and reads as much like an old herbal and an old commonplace book as any modern book we have seen. Some of it has an air of encyclopædic frippery, and it is at all times excessively discursive. It makes odd, irritating, and agreeable reading all in one.

### The Week in the City.

THE police strike, the Liverpool riots, the continued trouble in the Yorkshire coalfields, with sporadic labor troubles all over the country, have, of course, exercised a depressing influence upon the Stock Exchange. Consols, for example, have been sinking almost imperceptibly from 52 to 51, and home railway quotations tend to dwindle. A good many of the new issues have been failures, many of them deservedly so; for individuals and companies which have profited during the war are trying to unload concerns which are not likely to yield peace profits upon a foolish public. The Oil market has been active and the prices are dangerously high. The price of rubber has relapsed to 1s. 10½d. per lb., owing, perhaps, to the too successful efforts of the Board of Trade to strangle whatever commerce there might have been with Germany now that peace has been ratified. The Board of Trade embargoes and restrictions are, indeed, causing ever-growing resentment in business circles, a resentment all the more intense because favored firms and individuals are reaping enormous profits, thanks to the licences which they are able to acquire. Another ever-present cause of anxiety is the financial extravagance of the Government and the position of the floating debt. In spite of the recent loan, the total of outstanding Treasury Bills is not far off a thousand millions! Apropos of the new Australian Peace Loan, I see that the total war debt of Australia is likely to amount to the gigantic sum of 450 millions sterling. Thursday's Bank Return was unsatisfactory, as it showed a considerably lower Reserve.

#### THE BASS REPORT.

It is not possible to ascertain from the accounts of Bass, Ratcliffe & Gretton the amount paid for excise and licence duties, which was no less than £3,700,000 in the case of Arthur Guinness, Son & Co., but the report for the year ended June 30th last shows an increase of £118,400 in gross profits. Expenses, however, rose by £104,700, and the net profit, including sundry revenue, was £39,300 higher at £554,800. The table below summarizes results since 1914:—

	Gross Trading Profit.	Net Profit.	Ord. Dividend.	Reserve.	Cd. Fwd.
	£	£	£	£	£
1913-14	749,600	437,200	204,000	15	50,000
1914-15	672,900	383,900	136,000	10	50,000
1915-16	746,600	436,600	163,200	12	75,000
1916-17	773,100	472,800	190,400	14	75,000
1917-18	771,900	515,500	204,000	15	103,550
1918-19	890,300	554,800	217,600	16	165,280

The amount available for distribution, including £61,600 brought forward, was £616,400. Of this, £80,800 is required for debenture interest, £24,600 for bad and doubtful debts and investment depreciation, £100,000 as against £50,000 a year ago, for reserve, £65,900 for income tax, and £68,000 for preference dividend. The ordinary dividend, which is again paid free of income tax, absorbs £217,600, leaving £60,100, or £1,500 less to be carried forward.

#### MALACCA RUBBER PLANTATIONS.

A very severe fall in profits is shown in the report of the Malacca Rubber Plantations Ltd., for the year 1918, namely from £188,400 to £50,200. The output of rubber declined from 4,075,450 lbs. in 1917, to 3,250,000 lbs. in 1918, and the net price realized last year was 1s. 6¼d. per lb., whereas the report for 1917 stated that the gross price in that year was 2s. 3¼d. per lb. There must, however, have been a considerable fall in the net price realized to reduce profits to such an extent. A sum of £98,700 was brought forward from 1917, making a balance of £148,900 available for distribution. The dividend, which is paid free of tax, is reduced from 20 to 10 per cent., and requires £35,400, leaving, after payment of debenture interest and sinking fund instalments and income tax, a balance of £56,800 to be carried forward.

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